AUGUST 19, 1972

Saturday Review

ONE DOLLAR

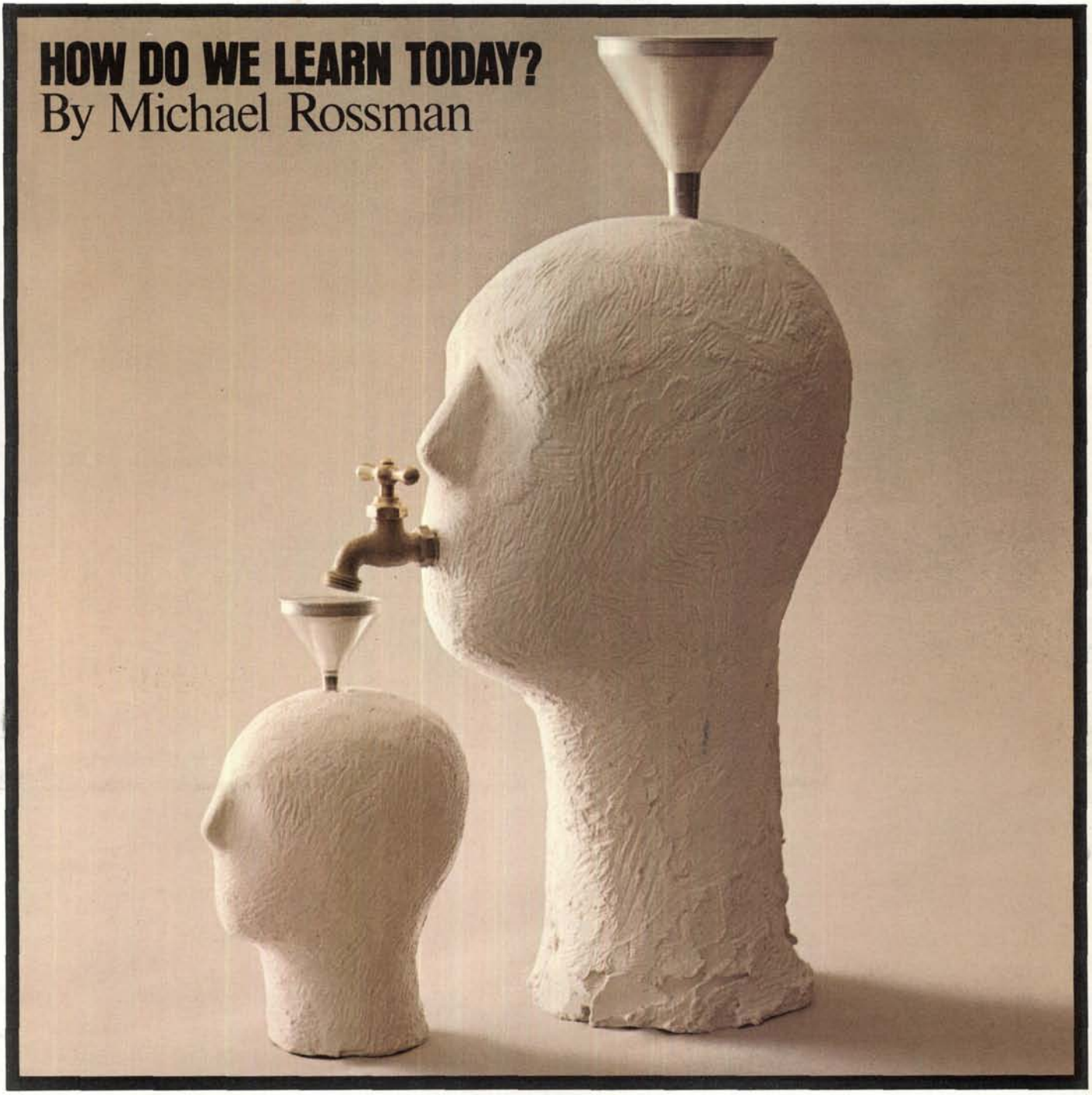
EDUCATION

John Bremer: Yellow Pages for City Learning

Artists From the High Schools

HOW DO WE LEARN TODAY?

By Michael Rossman



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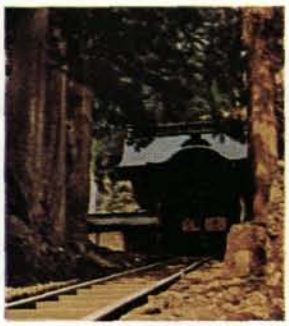
Beyond Tokyo, Kyoto and Osaka



Spend a couple of days off the beaten path. Discover the Japan where tourists are few, but always welcome.

By night, molten lava in the crater of Mt. Asama glows with an unearthly light. But you'll never know the unique sensation if you don't leave Tokyo behind for a day or so.

If you tire of the glittering Ginza, visit a town like Kusatsu, where 80 *ryokan* (Japanese inns) cluster about the town square. Let Kusatsu's hot springs bathe your body and soothe your spirit.

Step aboard a high-speed hydrofoil not far from Osaka, and race through a sea dotted with pine-clad islets that look the same today as they did when they inspired Japan's most famous artists centuries ago.

Glide in a flat-bottomed, air-propelled boat through the rapids of the Kumano River to the deep, still waters of Torohatcho gorge. Look down into the mirrorlike water and see the reflections of azaleas and rhododendrons perched on the granite cliffs high above you.

Let your imagination go when you visit the regions where tea is grown. The long, carefully manicured rows of tea plants suddenly begin to resemble green dragons asleep on the hillsides.

Wander the countryside of Japan and soak up the sights no city can offer: pearl divers disappearing in clear cool waters; villagers celebrating a rich harvest with *bon-odori* dances on the village mall; a craftsman fashioning a ceramic vase of classic Japanese simplicity.

The Japan you'll remember best is the Japan beyond the usual. For more information on the hidden Japan, send for our free booklets, "Northeastern Japan" and "Midland of Japan."

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A Japan few tourists see.

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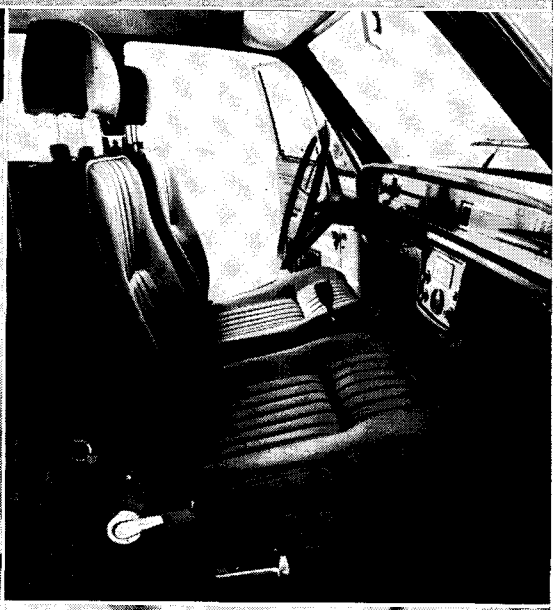

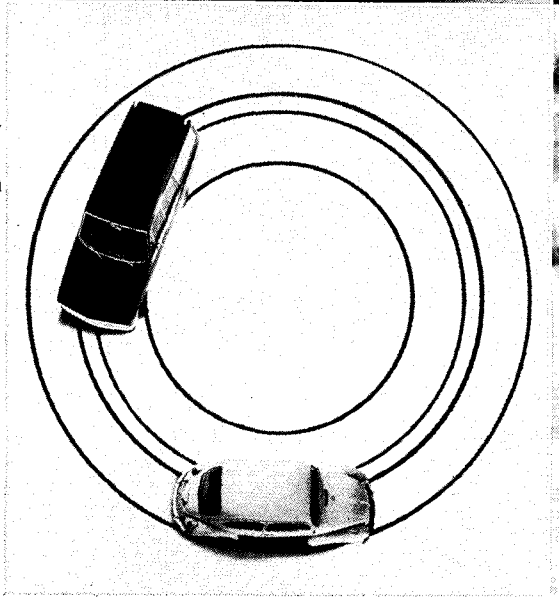

VOLVO

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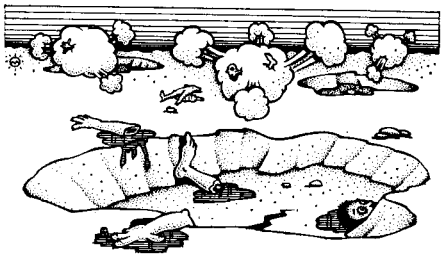

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SATURDAY REVIEW is published weekly at $24 per year by SR, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. This is the combined price if the family of the four *Saturday Review* monthly magazines is bought in combination—*Saturday Review The Arts, Saturday Review The Society, Saturday Review Education, Saturday Review Science*. Each of these special-interest magazines is available separately at $12 for one year. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Volume LV, Number 34. © 1972 Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved. Send all correspondence about subscriptions and remittances to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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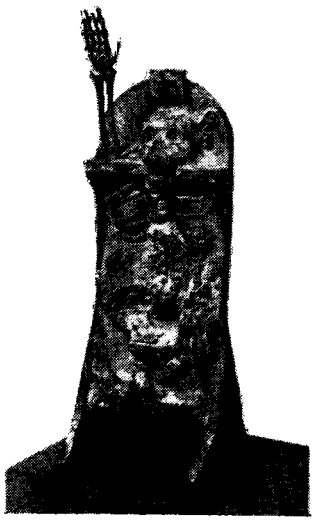

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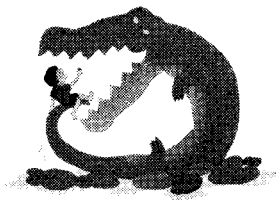

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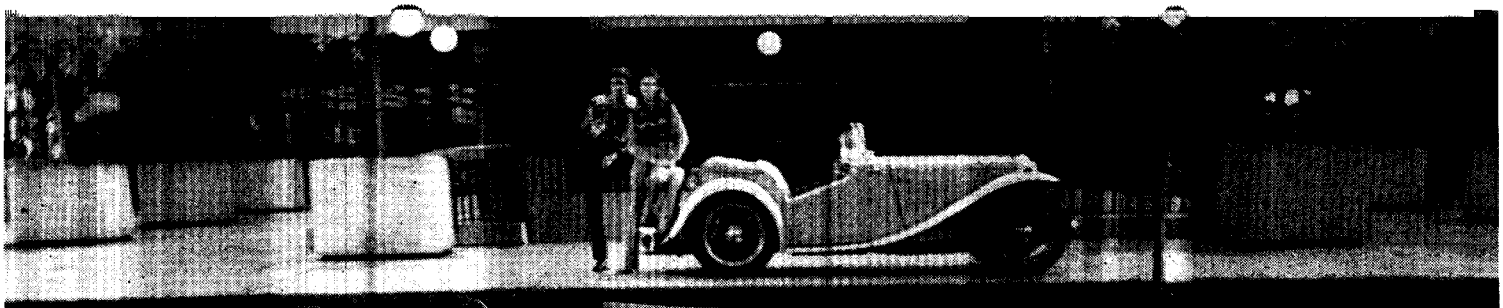

When they write the book about sports cars in America MG will be chapter one.

In the beginning, sports cars in America were the private preserve of the very rich.

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Cross-pollination helps grow ideas.

We make thousands of products, and a lot of them wouldn't exist if not for our other products.

One thing people like about 3M is the wide range of innovative products we offer. Have you ever wondered where those ideas come from?

Let's consider "Scotch-Brite" scouring pads and "Scotch" hair set tape.

Now, it would make a great story if we could say that two of our inventors locked themselves in ivory towers until one magical day when they walked out with the finished product. But that isn't the way it happened.

What happened was that 3M had been exploring non-woven fiber technology. One product that resulted was "Sasheen" brand decorative ribbon. And then a 3M scientist who had worked on that product got to wondering what would happen if a tough abrasive were somehow incorporated in a non-woven material. After many experiments, and many failures, a team produced "Scotch-Brite" brand scouring pads.

Later, someone else at 3M who was familiar with the non-woven fiber technology that was being explored got the idea that this could offer a route to a naturally breathable surgical tape. After many experiments, this idea resulted in "Micropore" brand breathable surgical tape. A little more interchange led to "Scotch" brand hair set tape.

This may not seem like a logical way of developing products. But that's what makes cross-pollination so special; the fact that it cannot be programmed.

It's not as simple as saying, "Hey, gang, let's cross-pollinate!" You don't get cross-pollination when everyone is hemmed in by organization charts and little boxes. Because a box can be just a rectangle that goes around someone's name. But it can also be a fence.

You get a free interchange of information when people know they are respected as individuals, and nobody is trying to keep them in one area or out of another.

At 3M, we'd rather grow new ideas than fences any day. 3M COMPANY

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SR UP FRONT

AUGUST 19, 1972

No Hope in Woodlawn

BY SETH S. KING

CHICAGO, Ill.—"Now I'm going to show you a building that just makes me want to cry every time I look at it," Leon Finney said. We were riding in his black Volvo, weaving around the potholes as we drove through Woodlawn, the crumbling black neighborhood that abuts the southern edge of the University of Chicago.

A lean, fast-moving, blunt, young black man who learned his neighborhood organizing from the late Saul Alinsky, Finney is the executive director of The Woodlawn Organization (TWO). He was showing me what was left of one of Chicago's once comfortable (and white) working-class neighborhoods. I could readily understand his desire to weep. Block after block of Woodlawn looked like old war ruins. Whole rows of solidly built three-story apartment buildings stood eviscerated, their windows shattered, their roofs sagging or already caved in, their yards piled with litter. The smell of human excrement penetrated the closed windows of the Volvo.

What we were seeing was a late phase in the slow death of an urban community—one whose case history is all too familiar to urbanologists. As black families began to move into Woodlawn in the 1940s, the whites started to move out. The poorer blacks could not pay rents high enough to maintain the buildings. The buildings began to deteriorate. Those blacks who could afford to leave left; those who couldn't moved in with neighboring relatives. The vacant buildings were gutted by vandals, set afire by vagrants. Now only the hulks remain, either vacant or filled with squatter families living in appalling surroundings.

Seth S. King is Chicago correspondent for the New York Times.

Only the hulks remain, either vacant or filled with squatter families living in appalling surroundings.

DRAWINGS BY MARVIN MATTELSON

In the two square miles of Woodlawn there are more than 200 abandoned apartment units, in which more than 1,200 people could live.

"There's the one I mean," said Finney, pointing to a gracefully proportioned structure of heavy, gray stone built around what had once been a cool, inviting courtyard. "Look at those wonderful, solid walls. We could make a beautiful building out of that wreckage, if we could just get the money."

He shook his head dejectedly. "Hell," he said, "we've spent more than thirty thousand dollars just boarding up some of these shells. But we've had to wait so long for money that most of it's down the drain. The boarded-up buildings have been broken into again and damaged further, and it'll cost us that much more to start again."

At the moment TWO is attempting to satisfy the technical requirements for a Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) loan to rehabilitate 118 abandoned apartment buildings in Woodlawn. These funds are about the only federal money left that could be used to clear the wretched slums that are spreading, like ugly oil slicks, through hundreds of blocks in the all-black ghettos of Chicago's South and Near West sides.

The Chicago Housing Authority, the

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Saturday Review is now a family of four monthly magazines.

Introducing a unique opportunity for you to satisfy your informational needs with a flexibility and selectivity you never had before.

Saturday Review has evolved into a family of four monthly magazines: SR/THE ARTS, SR/EDUCATION, SR/THE SOCIETY, and SR/SCIENCE.

These are edited in weekly rotation, so that *current* Saturday Review subscribers will continue to receive *all four monthlies*—one each week.

Each of the four magazines is available to *new* subscribers as an independent publication. Thus, new subscribers can choose one or two monthly magazines only—SR/EDUCATION, for example, and/or SR/THE SOCIETY.

It is also possible for new subscribers to receive *all four monthly magazines,* in which case they, too, will receive a magazine a week.

Why the change?

It is increasingly difficult for readers to keep track of changes in all of their areas of interest.

The changes are too complex and they are happening too fast.

The changes we've made in Saturday Review are designed to make information more accessible to the reader and easier to absorb.

By creating a family of four monthly magazines we are able to bring each area of interest into sharp focus (as opposed to narrow focus).

A natural evolution.

This process of editorial change has been a gradual, evolutionary one.

Over the years four basic supplements were introduced in Saturday Review: *Multi-Media, Education, Communications,* and *Environment (Science).*

These supplements enabled Saturday Review to give readers better—and better organized—coverage in these areas.

Multi-Media has been expanded to examine *all* the arts as they affect life—not just the professional arts (theater, music, dance, television, etc.) but the popular arts (like amateur photography and even gardening) as well. SR/THE ARTS takes the arts public and encourages *everybody* rather than a few people to enjoy and understand the arts.

Education has been expanded to focus on the life-long search for knowledge in all its forms. SR/EDUCATION explores how the process of learning can become a more significant part of the excitement of living before, during, and after so-called formal education.

Communications has been transformed into SR/THE SOCIETY, thus providing a broader, more comprehensive editorial focus. SR/THE SOCIETY's primary editorial thrust is to help readers cope with the dizzying change that has overtaken all of our social institutions in this age of discontinuity.

And *Environment (Science).* In an era in which men split the atom, walked on the moon, traced the delicate workings of the brain, and charted evolution through fossil finds, a huge communications gap has been opened between scientists and laymen. In fact, the scientist outside his own field is another scientist's layman. SR/SCIENCE seeks to make the relevance of all the sciences understandable to the layman.

Each of these monthly magazines retains a good measure of continuity. SR/Up Front appears in each of the four magazines offering four or five observers a chance to focus on a single person, phenomenon, or event in accordance with our conviction that great trends are often best understood when dealt with on a small, human scale. Each of the magazines also includes the regular Saturday Review features like editorials, comprehensive reviews (books, music, films, theater, and dance), a travel column, and puzzles.

To make one important magazine four important magazines.

We have doubled our investment in our most precious resource: people.

We've added 45 people to our editorial staff: editors, writers, researchers, and graphics experts.

We've drawn upon the editorial resources of the nation, attracting individuals from The New York Times, Newsweek, Time, Natural History Magazine, Horizon, and many other important publications. Now, we all face with excitement a major editorial challenge and opportunity: To make a great magazine greater.

Five separate editorial staffs have been created: one for each of our new magazines and one to maintain continuity and a family resemblance among them.

All the credentials of Saturday Review's editors would amount to little if they were not deeply committed men and women. Our editors' concerns, their passions, their involvement in the world of ideas are reflected on the pages of this family of magazines. They strive for truth and realize that truth may emerge from a balanced view of our times, but realize that "balance" must never dilute a compelling idea.

To reach our objectives we've increased the editorial pages in each issue of the family of monthlies by 40%.

Believing that graphics are a vital part of effective communication, we've also invested heavily in full-color photography and illustration.

How to subscribe selectively.

Each of our new magazines is available at a regular $12 annual Charter Price.

However, each of them is now being offered to new subscribers at a Half-Price Introductory Rate of $6 per year.

The newsstand price per issue is $1.

In addition, for those new subscribers who elect to subscribe to *all four* of our magazines (thus receiving a magazine a week), the regular combined price is $24 per year.

The two pages that follow describe our family of four monthlies in more detail.

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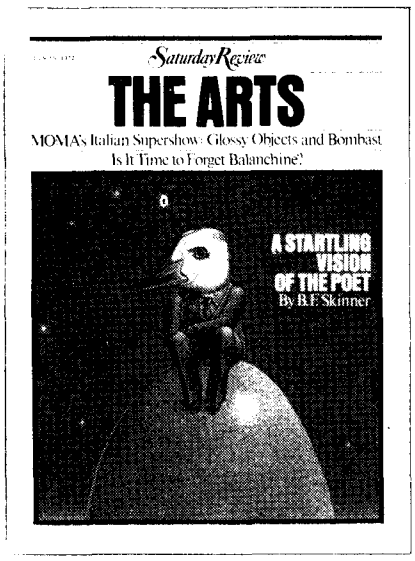
THE ARTS

Across the country there is more interest in the creative powers of our culture than ever before.

It isn't just a passive interest; people are discovering that in every one of us there lives an artist, a creator of some sort, and that "art" is no longer the special preserve of a few experts. New art forms, new art centers, and new concepts of what art should be are developing in joyful profusion.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THE ARTS
MOMA's Italian Supershow: Glossy Objects and Bombast
Is It Time to Forget Balanchine?
A STARTLING VISION OF THE POET
By B.F. Skinner

SR-The Arts is designed to help you keep up with all these exciting developments.

It features eight regular departments: Cinema; Art; Theater and Dance; Entertainments; Writing; Architecture and Design; Music; and People and Ideas.

These departments spot trends, report on coming events, revisit forgotten masters, and put you in touch with the personalities behind art news.

But Saturday Review-The Arts does not confine itself to the traditional cultural categories. The magazine sets no artificial limits on its scope.

It looks at all the Arts.

Photography. Design. Dance. Sculpture. Architecture. Literature. Painting. Communications. Criticism. Opera. Music. Film. Theater. Poetry.

You'll get guides to European and American music festivals, thorough reviews of the latest recordings, reports on jazz, pop and rock, and articles on Broadway musicals. Sir Rudolf Bing will recall his twenty-two years as impresario of the Metropolitan Opera, and novelist Terry Southern will cover the Rolling Stones' American tour.

—You'll read a debate between two great men of letters, Francis Steegmuller and Alberto Moravia, that continues a modern controversy over a novel written more than a hundred years ago.

—You'll discover how an American firm is redesigning Sao Paulo's transportation system, how a famous lighting designer is constructing mobile theater units, how a woman artist is coming up wth new, humane concepts for buildings that startled and influenced established architects.

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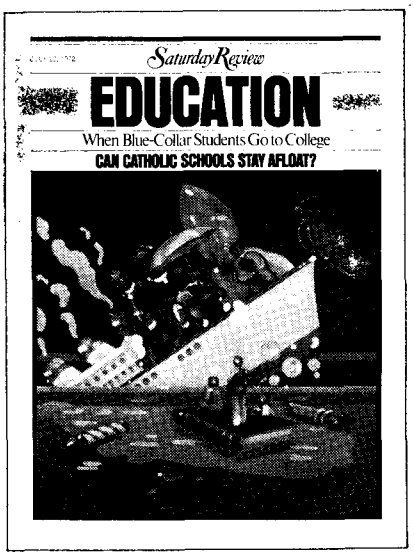

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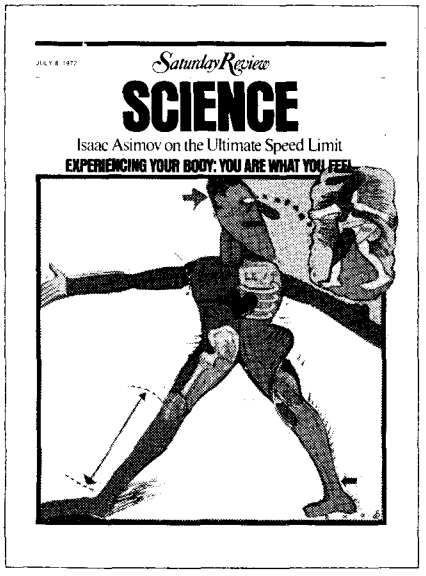

In fact, many scientists thoroughly enjoy it. They read it to learn more about areas other than their own.

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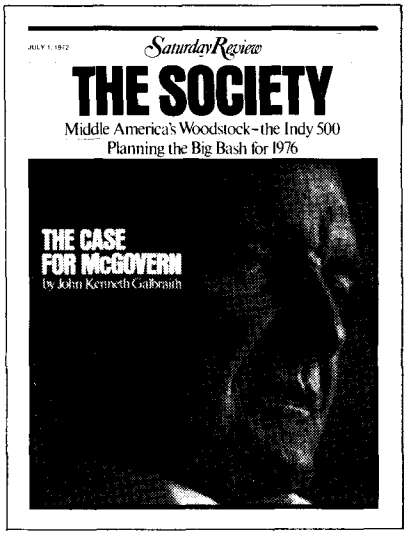

In a way, it is an invaluable, practical aid to coping with and surviving in a society that is changing around us at a future-shock pace.

Its main fare is things you don't get to read about in the newspapers.

—Like John Kenneth Galbraith's witty and compelling statement of "The Case for George McGovern."

—Like a recent essay by Clark MacGregor (President Nixon's new campaign manager) entitled "The Coming Nixon Victory."

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—Like "Smart Bombs and Dumb Strategy"—an analysis of how the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese manage to go on shooting even after having been bombed harder than the Germans in World War II.

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city's own agency for building low-income public housing, could do the rehabilitation work. There are federal funds available right now that would permit the CHA to build 1,500 new units. The CHA could also have part of the $50 million available through HUD's Project Rehab, if the authority would apply for it and agree to relocate in white neighborhoods any tenants who might be displaced by the rehabilitation.

But for the past three years the CHA has not started a single unit of low-income family housing here because Mayor Richard J. Daley and his white-dominated city council, together with the white constituents the council represents, have vehemently refused to permit any such units in all-white neighborhoods. At the same time, however, a federal judge has ruled that not a dime of federal funds allocated for low-income housing shall be used by the CHA until at least 700 units are built outside the ghettos. After that, the CHA must put three units in a white neighborhood for every one it builds in an all-black or a "changing" neighborhood, the Chicago euphemism for mixed black and white.

Since it began building low-rent public housing in 1938, the CHA has produced a commendable record of constructions. It has completed 30,305 apartment units for low-income families and 10,500 units for couples or for the elderly. This is enough low-rent housing for 155,000 persons, making the CHA "city" within Chicago larger than Rockford, Peoria, or Springfield. But 92 per cent of all CHA low-rent apartments for families are presently located in predominantly, if not entirely, black neighborhoods. Chicago is the most tightly segregated large city in the nation, as the latest census makes clear. More than one million of its 3.3-million residents are black, and more than 800,000 of them live in neighborhoods that are 90 per cent black. The government of Chicago is determined that they'll stay there—or at least that any federally funded low-rent housing a poor black could afford will be erected within those ghettos.

Two of the largest low-rent housing projects are the up-to-nineteen-story rectangles of Cabrini-Green, on Chicago's Near West Side, and the twenty-eight slabs of the sixteen-story Robert Taylor Houses, which tower above the South Side's Dan Ryan Expressway. From a distance neither of these projects looks bad. Close up, though, one sees boarded-up windows, burned sills, rust-stained balconies, littered play yards, and smashed playground equipment. The orgy of high-rise public housing that produced Cabrini-Green and the Robert Taylor Homes, among others, was not,

> "I know you'll hear 'em say that the blacks don't want to move into those hostile white neighborhoods. Well, that's crap."

it must be said, the CHA's idea. The authority was only following the federal guidelines of the late 1950s. But the result has been a disaster. Completed in 1962, the gleaming rectangles developed, all too soon, into jungles in which tenants are afraid to ride the elevators alone, in which parents are afraid to let their children play on the high balconies, in which robberies, rapes, and murders are so common that they often go unreported.

Thus, about all that the millions of dollars in federal housing funds for CHA high rises have produced is vertical slums. Even at cheap rents these apartments are so undesirable that today there are 616 vacancies in Cabrini-Green and Robert Taylor alone. Even the wretchedly housed survivors in Woodlawn refuse to be moved into them.

The whole experience has been reduced to a formula that has become an essential tenet of the Chicago political catechism: Public housing means low-income housing; low-income housing means black housing; and black housing means inferior housing that will quickly destroy a white neighborhood.

As far back as 1949, when alert do-gooders realized the pattern CHA housing was taking, several Chicago civic groups and newspapers protested. The only result was a clever side step by the city council: They persuaded the state legislature to pass a special bill giving the council explicit veto power over all new public housing sites.

There is little doubt that the CHA, with the council's enthusiastic approval, would have gone right on concentrating its efforts in the ghettos if the American Civil Liberties Union and six Chicago blacks had not taken action. In 1966 they brought suit against the CHA in federal court, charging that for more than fifteen years the authority had selected public housing sites almost exclusively in black ghetto areas. This, they said, violated the civil rights of poor tenants, both black and white, by denying them a free choice of where they might live.

Chicago is a city not easily surprised by anything that happens in its courts or legislative halls. The findings cited in the ACLU suit, however, shook its political establishment so hard that cracks appeared in unlikely places. U.S. District Court Judge Richard B. Austin, for example, was, to all appearances, a reliable product of Chicago's Cook County Democratic Organization (Richard J. Daley, chairman). A former prosecuting attorney in Chicago, an unsuccessful Democratic gubernatorial candidate, then a Chicago criminal court judge, and, throughout, a friend of Mayor Daley, Judge Austin was presumed to be a safe venue for quelling the ACLU disturbance.

But then, in 1969, Judge Austin ruled that the CHA's actions were unconstitutional. Further, he found "incredible" the authority's assertion that its years-long confining of public housing for the poor to all-black areas was not a deliberate policy. He rejected the CHA's plea that it was not racist but was simply rolling with the political punches to get the housing built. As for the city's aldermen, he brushed aside their argument that they were entitled to reflect the views of their constituents on CHA sites, especially if those views excluded blacks from public housing in white neighborhoods.

Judge Austin's decision caused as much turmoil as the Chicago Fire. In the three years since Austin first spoke, the city council and the CHA, with Mayor Daley's concurrence, have slipped and slid and stalled on approving housing sites. The judge became so exasperated with these delays that he ordered a freeze on Chicago's $26 million in federal Model Cities funds until the CHA complied with his site edict. He even spoke harshly of Mr. Daley, saying that some chief executives in other parts of the country had stood in schoolhouse doors, "their faces livid and their wattles flapping." But, he went on, "It is an anomaly that the law-and-order chief executive of Chicago should challenge and defy the federal law."

His thrust had no visible effect on Mr. Daley. Last year the mayor and the CHA signed an elaborate "letter of intent" with HUD, promising to provide 4,300 units of low-income housing *throughout the city*, partly through new construction or rehabilitation, partly by leasing space for low-income tenants in moderate-income housing then being built on some of the 1,000 vacant areas (mostly in white neighborhoods) that the city had created for Urban Renewal projects. By last January, however, the city and the CHA had done so little to fulfill these promises that even HUD was moved to action. It took away $22 million of Chicago's urban renewal allotment and distributed it among other, presumably more deserving, cities in HUD's Midwest region.

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The fallout from both Judge Austin's ruling and the 1968 Public Housing Act guidelines, which give blacks at least a fighting chance of getting into public housing in white areas, has now spread to other areas. Within the past year Federal District Judge Frank Battisti ruled that the white mayor of Cleveland had exceeded his authority when he canceled building permits for low-income housing scheduled for white sections of that city. Judge Battisti directed that the Cuyahoga Metropolitan Housing Authority could build no more low-income units until it put them in white areas. Another federal judge has ordered Atlanta's housing authority to publish a list of proposed housing sites as evidence of its intention to build new low-income units in white, as well as black, neighborhoods. Federal site guidelines have caused another uproar—the one still raging over the Lindsay administration's proposal to build scatter-site, low-income housing in the all-white section of New York City's Forest Hills.

In Chicago the federal guidelines and the Austin decision have produced the predictable circle of Pontius Pilates. The CHA says it can do nothing in the Chicago ghettos because Judge Austin won't let it. HUD says it is empowered to act only through local housing authorities and cannot give the CHA any funds until it meets the site-selection criteria. The city says it can't use its Urban Renewal funds because HUD took them away—and so on.

"We get the shaft from both ends," Mr. Finney said bitterly. "Each side blames the other, a perfect excuse for doing nothing."

In July the CHA took a timid first step by listing 518 sites in white neighborhoods where, it said, scatter-site, low-income housing *might* be feasible. And it authorized preparation of plans for 156 dwellings on twenty-four scatter sites in white areas.

In the meantime Chicago's whites have mobilized for continued inaction. An organization called the Nucleus of Chicago Homeowners Association (NoCHA), which says it speaks for 1,000 white homeowners, has filed a suit under the National Environmental Policy Act. It claims that the CHA would pollute middle-class white neighborhoods if it brought poor black families into their midst. "As a statistical whole, low-income families of the kind that reside in housing provided by the CHA possess certain social class characteristics which will be, and have been, inimical and harmful to the legitimate interests of the plaintiffs," the suit states in one of the more forthright explanations of why the blacks should be barred.

If there is any doubt about the effects of public housing stagnation in Chicago, the projections of a joint HUD-city study at the end of 1970 should dispel it. That study disclosed that so many low-income structures were being demolished in Chicago, either because they were uninhabitable or because the land had been appropriated for various purposes, and that so few replacements for poor families were available, that two years ago at least 4,300 low-income units would have had to be built as quickly as possible just to keep up with the demolitions and removals. This meant that even if the CHA had capitulated and built the 1,500 units for which funds are available, Chicago would still have been more than 2,800 units short—and the rot in the city has grown apace since this calculation was made in 1970.

I asked Mr. Finney how the blacks themselves felt about the great CHA debate and whether they would rather have something to live in, even if it were locked in a ghetto.

"I know you'll hear 'em say that the blacks really don't want to move into those hostile white neighborhoods," he said, after thinking carefully about my question. "Well, that's crap. If you give me a community that's safe, with good housing, good transportation to jobs, and good schools, then sure, black people are happy to be living there with other black people. But you can't tell me that a black family living in a goddamned slum that costs five times what it should wouldn't rather move to a decent house in a white neighborhood. We blacks, just like you whites, will get out of any poor neighborhood if we can."

Mr. Finney turned north from the smell of old feces and the staring skeletons of buildings to show me Woodlawn Gardens, a federally subsidized middle-income project TWO completed before the Austin ruling took effect. All of its 500 units were three-story walk-ups, imaginatively grouped around landscaped courts and playgrounds. A major share of the tenants, Mr. Finney told me, were now low-income families living there with federal rent subsidies.

"Man, it looks good, doesn't it?" he asked. "Well, we've had our troubles with it. Some of those people have to be persuaded, shall we say, to keep their places up. Some have trouble paying the rent. But nobody's desperate to get out. We don't have vacancies for very long there."

But the rest of Woodlawn and the other black neighborhoods won't see anything like it until the CHA, or somebody, begins building in the white areas. As the shock waves spread after Judge Austin's decisions, there were those pragmatic urbanologists, as well as Chicago politicians such as Rep. Roman Pucinski, now the Democratic party's candidate for the Senate, who were freely predicting that the ruling would mean the end of public housing, at least in Chicago. They may be right. The CHA is still appealing Judge Austin's directive to go on selecting sites in white neighborhoods whether or not the city council approves of them. Suppose that appeal should somehow be upheld. The CHA couldn't act because the city council hadn't approved, and so on, far into the night. □

The Chess Mob on West 10th

BY PETER ANDREWS

NEW YORK, N.Y.—The talk is about the Sicilian Defense, the Tartakower Variation, and the Queen's Gambit, but the spirit is strictly "hit 'em where they ain't," and "nice guys finish last."

If it were not for the elliptical jargon in which chess devotees habitually speak, the group gathered at the Marshall Chess Club on West 10th Street to wait for the news from Reykjavík could be almost any sporting crowd huddled around the tube to watch a ball game: hardhats and men in three-piece business suits, energetic women and bearded students underlining study points in *Colloquial Czech* between moves, kids who dream perhaps of playing the champ some day, old men who remember the games of past masters. They are bound together by a common love of this most ancient and intellectual of games. But they are also like the fight mob that leaps to its feet when the pace picks up at Madison Square Garden. They have the taste of blood in their mouths.

It is the afternoon of the seventh game of the world championship match between Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky. Fischer blew the first match, biting on a poisoned pawn offered by the Russian champion, and insolently threw the second away on a forfeit. But since then the momentum has all been Fischer's. Spassky has managed only one draw and half a point. As the championship marathon of twenty-four games turns into the second quarter, Spassky is down 3½ to 2½. He has to start winning again. Opening play with the white pieces, he has the initial advantage. If Fischer, playing with the traditionally more defensive blacks, can win or draw, he will be in a position to give Spassky a taste of the "Fisher

Peter Andrews, a well-known freelance writer, describes himself as a patzer, *or wood-pusher, at chess.*

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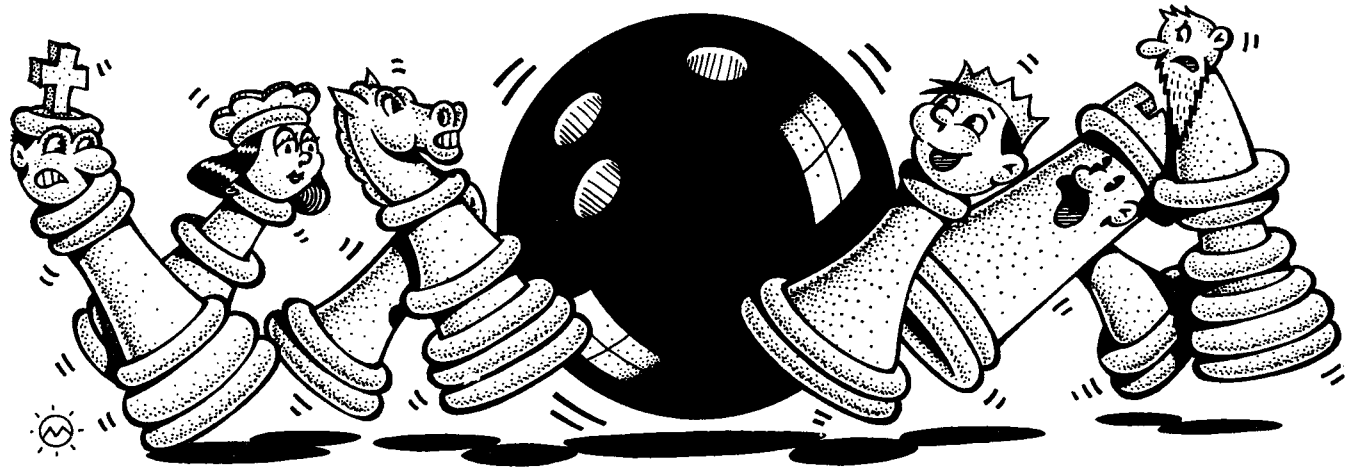

While they plotted moves in New York, Fischer went bowling in Reykjavík.

phobia" that demolished his opponents in the elimination rounds.

The club has been setting up for a half an hour. There is a large, magnetized chess board hanging at one end of the hall where Edmar Mednis, an American grand master, will lead the analysis for members and guests as the moves are relayed to him from the wire-service report. A pair of intense young boys, about eleven years old, are playing a furious game of "five minute" chess, slapping at the time clock by the side of their board and dropping pieces on the floor. Bobby himself used to play here when he was their age and still is an honorary member. A heavy-set, bald man sitting next to the boys is poring over a strategy problem he has set for himself. In a corner a woman takes copious notes from a dissertation on traps for white pieces.

One of the great things about chess is that, if you aren't playing or watching someone else play, you can always get into an argument. A mustachioed man in blue shorts and unbuckled sandals sits down and announces to no one in particular: "Spassky will open with pawn to king four."

A gray-haired man looks up from his *New York Times*. "Not possible. That's Fischer's opening. He knows it better than any man alive."

"Spassky has to do it. He has to come out fighting, or he's finished psychologically."

The gray-haired man shakes his head.

There are about thirty people at the club when a small boy in sneakers trots out of the communications room and hands Mednis a note with Spassky's opening move.

"Spassky opens pawn to king four," Mednis announces.

The mustachioed man claps his hands. "Spassky's come to play."

At a dozen tables groups of people follow the moves on their own boards. A man with an army-style haircut and a Nixon button remarks, "At least he's not going to go with a whimper today. I hate to see a guy get just rolled over."

One of his table mates, a slender, delicate-looking young man in jeans and shoulder-length hair, nods. It's probably the only thing the two have agreed on in months.

Fischer moves out rapidly: pawn to queen bishop four, pawn to queen three. "It's the Najdorf," the crowd murmurs. Fischer is developing a particularly spirited variation of the Sicilian Defense that almost always leads to a slugging match.

"They ought to rename this the Fischer Variation," remarks Mednis. "He's the one who has really developed its full possibilities."

On the eighth move Fischer goes with his queen to take, if not a poisoned pawn, at least a somewhat tainted one. This puts him one pawn ahead but takes his queen out of the mainstream of play. Spassky's next move is a long time in coming.

"What's he waiting for?" asks one man. "That's what he wanted. Boris has thirty-five grand masters helping him, and he doesn't know how to develop his own attack. He acts like he's surprised."

There is a general agreement that Spassky's preparation for the match has not been as deep or as broad as Fischer's. "If Spassky's play doesn't improve," Mednis says, "you're going to start reading articles in *Pravda* criticizing the Russian preparation."

In chess, as in baseball, those long periods between plays are what the *aficionado* loves best. The pauses give them time to argue, second-guess, and work themselves into a lather of anticipation. An elderly gentleman with thick glasses turns to the man with the *Times* and illustrates a possible series of plays from the existing positions. The man with the *Times* shakes his head.

"I wouldn't do that."

"That's because you're not Fischer. You're not Spassky. What is your name, sir?"

"Kroll."

"Well, then I would say that you would play the Kroll Variation." He turns away.

Dozens of books are being flipped through and set aside at the Marshall Chess Club today, books that deal with almost every conceivable aspect of moves and positions, but by the tenth move none of them is worth a damn because Fischer and Spassky are off on variations never recorded before.

"Crazy, crazy," says Mednis, as he stands at the big board. He swiftly tries out several possible continuations. He finds that one of them would get himself checkmated in three moves.

"That would be sheer Mednis," yells out the man with the Nixon button, laughing at his own pun. Mednis looks pained and goes back to trying out new combinations.

"Every piece on the board is out of position except one knight," says the Nixon-button man. Everyone seems to agree.

"Which knight?" asks the man with the *Times*. He doesn't get an answer.

It has been thirty-four minutes since the boy has popped out of the communications room with the last move. We are waiting for Spassky's next play. By now there are more than forty people in the room now. We can almost see Bobby wrapped around his chair at Reykjavík, his bright eyes peering through long, bony fingers trying to stare the champion down.

"He's got him where he wants him," declares a blonde lady in a blue jump suit. "He's watching him squirm."

"What's taking Boris so long?" asks a late-comer.

"He's trying to remember what they told him to do next."

"Do you think, if he wins, he'll get a call from Brezhnev?"

"No, but he's liable to get one if he loses—Siberia, brrrrr."

Coming up to the eighteenth move

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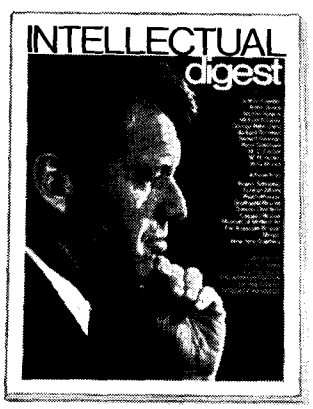

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"Spassky's getting away," says a man, furiously scribbling in his chess notebook.

Spassky has all but lost the initiative that comes with white's having the first move. He is down on pawns and has no compensating attack to show for it. He will have to keep up pressure on Fischer or lose the initiative entirely. During a spirited analysis led by Mednis the crowd goes over all the moves and decides that queen to queen seven is Spassky's best chance of moving in on his opponent. Instead he chooses a limited knight to queen six with no real possibilities for offensive continuation. A great "oooh" goes up from the crowd. "Incomprehensible move," says one bearded man. "The worst move on the table." The lady in the jump suit waves her arms the way Giant fans greased the skids for Allie Sherman and sings, "Goodbye, Boris."

Fischer moves briskly, and the crowd begins to sniff a win.

"Bobby did more at Grossinger's than work out with the punching bag," says a stockbroker type who has brought along a girl friend.

By the twenty-second move Mednis pronounced the game "theoretically won for black. It should only be a question of technique from now on. Boris just took ten minutes to make a move he should have figured out in ten seconds. It shows the great strain he must be playing under. All he can do now is play strict defense and hope for Bobby to make a mistake."

"No way," says the man with the *Times*.

By the twenty-seventh move the queens are off the board, and the end game begins with Fischer one pawn ahead.

"We can be quite safe in saying this is a won game for black," Mednis announces.

The Marshall Chess Club crowd sets up the deathwatch for the final kill.

"Spassky won't draw another game," the Nixon man declares. "Once Bobby gets his man demoralized, he's had it."

"I wonder if it isn't time for Boris to get sick," wonders a man at the same table (according to the rules, each contestant has the opportunity to call in sick three times during the tournament).

"I don't know," says another. "That's what the Russians usually do when they get in a bind like this. But psychologically that would be a terrible blow to Spassky. He might really get sick if he tried that."

"If he can't win," Mednis calls out, as another move is handed to him, "he is going to go down gloriously."

"Gloriously!" the crowd shouts back.

But in Reykjavík Boris Spassky battles back with a series of sharp, accurate moves, while Fischer plays quickly and loosely.

"Oh, God, Bobby," says a lady in pastel organza, "don't move too fast. Take your time."

Chess is a game of mood and attitude. It can shift from heady exhilaration to deep foreboding and despair.

"Is Spassky slipping out of the noose?" asks the Nixon man after the thirty-fifth move.

Mednis admits that the positions are not as favorable as they were four moves ago but feels Bobby will still get the win.

"If Boris gets out of this," remarks a corpulent man in the back of the room, "he'll have done it by himself."

"Why not?" says someone in front. "He got into it by himself."

"The game is right there," says a studious young man, pointing with his pipe to Fischer's king-side rook on the big board. "Fischer hasn't moved that piece yet. He's playing Spassky a rook short the whole game."

"What the hell's going on?" asks a man wearing a long-billed cap.

"Spassky's getting away," says a man, furiously scribbling notations in his chess notebook.

After the fortieth move the game is adjourned until the next day. Spassky takes forty-five minutes to seal his final move for the day. Mednis, an admitted Fischer fan, still feels Bobby can win, but the rest of the crowd thinks that if the champion has sealed the correct move he can salvage a draw out of the match. But there is no way he can win, which is what he came out fighting to do. (As it turned out the next day, Spassky had selected the right move and did earn the draw.)

The Nixon man, all euphoria a few moves ago, is now somewhat worried. "Just coming back to a draw might give Spassky the lift he needs."

His friends remind him that Spassky needs to win, not draw, which seems to comfort him.

An hour after the match was adjourned players are still huddled around one table trying to figure out a win for Fischer. They try seventeen different approaches. Black has all the interesting lines, they agree, but they cannot find a winning way without figuring in a mistake by Spassky.

"Take it back to the eighteenth move, when Boris made that damned knight to queen six. That's the key."

"Okay. Let's go back there." They agree to reset the pieces to the eighteenth move.

Fischer, we were informed, had gone bowling. □

Professor Westing Counts the Craters

BY SAUL BRAUN

PUTNEY, Vt.—Prof. Arthur H. Westing is one of a small group of scientists whose fact-finding trips to Indochina alerted the world, including the Pentagon, to the devastating effect of the widespread use of herbicides in the Vietnam War. More recently Professor Westing and his colleagues have been documenting the effect of American bombing raids on the ecology of Vietnam.

Late last month I spoke to Westing in his ground-floor office in the Science Building at Windham College here in Putney, where he is full professor and head of the biology department. Forty-four years old, Westing is married and the father of two children. He speaks formally, dresses casually: buttoned-down shirt, chino trousers, sturdy, brown walking shoes.

"When the chemical warfare program with herbicides came to light in the mid-Sixties," Westing said, "the government was giving out almost no information. Journalists in Vietnam were the principal informants. Then, in the spring of '69, Prof. E. W. Pfeiffer, who is a wildlife zoologist at the University of Montana, went over to ascertain three things: the types of target, how widespread the use of chemicals was, and the extent of the destruction. In his attempts to obtain adequate information, he was partially frustrated by the Department of Defense and also, of course, by the war situation itself. Then when Cambodia, which was still neutral, was sprayed—clandestinely—Pfeiffer called me up, said he was going over, and asked me if I would like to come along. Our two areas of competence complemented each other perfectly. So in December 1969 we set off for Cambodia. Then, in August 1970, I went to South Vietnam with Prof. Matthew S. Meselson, a professor of biophysics at Harvard. The following August I returned to South Vietnam, teamed up with Pfeiffer again.

"Everywhere I flew," Westing recalled, "I could see bomb craters. I went over there to study chemicals and came back having nightmares about bomb craters. And the outcome of my third trip was that I realized that the principal strategy the United States was pursuing in Indochina was really an antienviron-

Saul Braun is a freelance writer living in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

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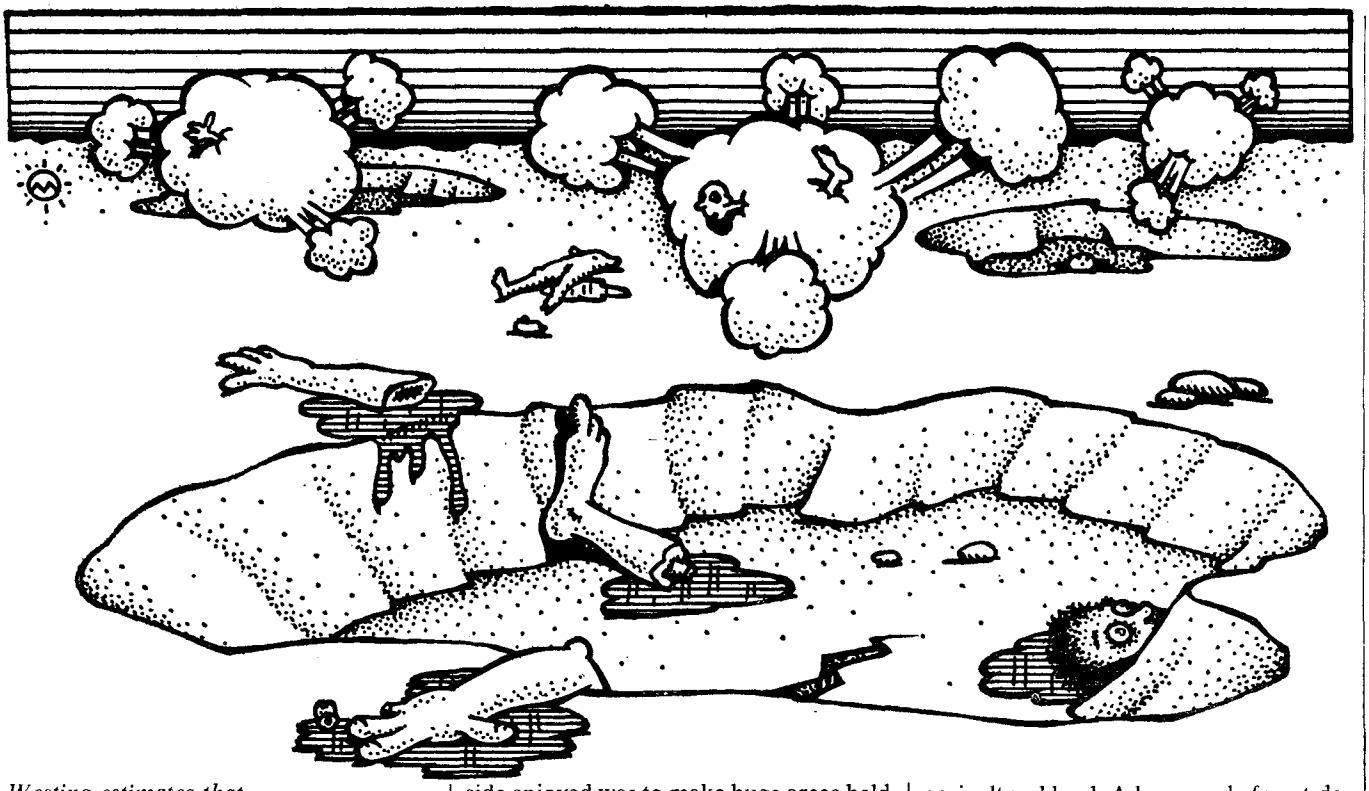

Westing estimates that throughout Indochina there are more than twenty-six million craters.

mental one: chemical defoliants, extensive bulldozing, and from January 1, 1965, through December 31, 1971, a total of thirteen million tons of munitions—the equivalent in explosive energy to one Hiroshima bomb every five-and-a-half days, or, in sheer tonnage, to more than twice as much as was dropped in all theaters of war in World War II.

"A handful of us—among others, Pfeiffer, myself, Meselson, Arthur W. Galston, professor of plant physiology at Yale, and J. B. Neilands, professor of biochemistry at the University of California at Berkeley—got the Department of Defense to stop the spraying. They did so—largely as a result of adverse publicity—in May 1971. I felt very proud of myself for a while, that I was able to affect change. Yet large areas are still being bulldozed or systematically bombed. The crops, the forests, the soil are still being destroyed.

"One thing people in this country, and even officials in this country, don't generally appreciate is the fact that, in terms of real estate, the picture in Indochina has changed very little in the past decade. The Vietcong has controlled about eighty to eighty-five per cent of South Vietnam—not the cities, not the productive, coastal, rice-growing regions, but almost all the rest. The only way the United States could somehow counter this enormous advantage that the other side enjoyed was to make huge areas held by them uninhabitable and unproductive. That's why I've come to think of the Vietnam War as a war on the environment."

I asked Professor Westing if he considered himself a radical scientist. No, he said, he did not, nor did he think his scientific colleagues regarded him or the other Indochina fact finders in that light.

Before coming to Windham, Westing, who holds degrees from Columbia and Yale, was a research forester for the U.S. Forest Service (his research was on the effects of herbicides on trees), taught forestry at Purdue, tree physiology at the University of Massachusetts, and biology at Middlebury College. He is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS), which sponsored his first trip to South Vietnam, and of the Scientists' Institute for Public Information (SIPI), which sponsored his second trip to that country.

On his initial investigative tour of Southeast Asia, Westing found that herbicides had been given war names that sounded reassuringly like domestic cleansers. Pink Pad and Big Blue were used to scour and clean up at home; Agent Orange and Agent Blue were used to get rid of forest cover and crops abroad.

"According to figures that the Defense Department supplied us, from 1962 through 1970 we had sprayed Agent Blue—a highly persistent solution of sodium dimethyl arsenate, applied aerially—onto 720,000 acres, or nine per cent of South Vietnam's 7.6 million acres of agricultural land. A large-scale forest-destruction program, using Agents Orange and White, accounted for another twelve per cent of South Vietnamese territory. There were two goals: denial of cover and denial of food. In theory it was the forces of the National Liberation Front that were to be denied both food and cover. Yet a study made by the Rand Corporation for the Defense Department estimated that to destroy the food supply for one NLF soldier one hundred civilian diets would have to be destroyed. This meant, of course, that the civilian population bore the brunt of our attack. The Department of Defense felt that the RAND study had exaggerated the situation and made a second study, which brought the figure down to ninety civilian diets destroyed for each one NLF diet."

Westing and Pfeiffer returned with their data and began publishing their findings in scientific journals. Out of professional courtesy, the men first sent off copies of their manuscripts to the Department of Defense's Office of Science and Technology and to the Chemical Warfare Center at Fort Detrick in Maryland. "I made one error in one publication," Westing said, "and an officer in the Pentagon's Public Information Office caught me on it. I'm glad it happened, because they haven't corrected anything else, which must mean I haven't made any other errors."

I asked Westing whether the Pentagon or Saigon had put any obstacles in the way of his various investigations.

"The second time I went out—with

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Meselson in 1970—there was one major snag. In Saigon we were shown a telegram from CINCPAC [Commander in Chief, Pacific] to MACV [Military Assistance Command, Vietnam] instructing them not to give us any cooperation. We maneuvered our way around that one, though. We dropped in on Ambassador [Ellsworth] Bunker, who comes from Putney, and, after chatting about things back home for a while, we mentioned the telegram. Bunker was appalled. He said that until this thing got straightened out he would let us use his personal helicoper to go anywhere within the range of Saigon. So we lucked out there. It took Ambassador Bunker about six days to smooth our way for the rest of the visit.

"Then, when it came time for my third trip and I applied for a visa for travel to South Vietnam, the Saigon embassy in Washington wouldn't say yes, and it wouldn't say no. So I called up Senator [George] Aiken and told him I was worried, and he said he would contact people, and a few days later my visa arrived special delivery, registered mail. Obviously somebody had put the heat on Saigon.

"One thing that helped Pfeiffer and me on our trips together was that we are both ex-marines, both with combat experience—he in the Second World War and I in Korea—so we felt at ease with the officers. In the field the middle-echelon officers told us everything, showed us everything, took us everywhere.

"Take the matter of the Daisy Cutter—the troops' name for the 15,000-pound bomb that has to be carried by a specially equipped C-130. The bomb's ostensible use is to clear instant landing fields, but it's been used as an antipersonnel weapon as well. Before a search and destroy mission in the U Minh Forest, on the west coast of the CaMau Peninsula, they dropped five of those. The area was officially off limits. So what happened? We're way up north in Danang, and a chemical officer was assigned to show us some chemical warfare damage. On the way we began talking and said we wanted to take a look at one of those big-bomb areas. Maybe he knew where one was? Sure thing, he said, and flew us over for a look at one near Danang. The Daisy Cutter leaves no crater. It explodes just above the ground and levels everything in an area about the size of a football field. The blast wave does a lot of damage beyond that.

"Later we spent a day with the 984th Landclearing Company, which was leveling the BoiLoi Woods in the southeastern corner of TayNinh Province. The basic weapon is a heavily armored twenty-ton tractor fitted with a two-and-a-half-ton plow blade. In the previous month or so they had already scraped clean 6,037 acres. Before that they had obliterated the 9,000-acre HoBo Woods in nearby west-central BinhDuong Province. According to official military sources, about 750,000 acres of land in South Vietnam had been shaved bare by last summer. That's an area about the size of Rhode Island. By now approximately one million acres have been scraped.

There are now about 2.5 million duds around; farmers are always bumping into them and getting parts of their bodies blown off.

"Then there is the bombing and the shelling. My conservative estimate of the number of craters throughout Indochina is more than twenty-six million. The average crater is about thirty feet in diameter and about five to twenty feet deep. We estimated a total crater area of about 400,000 acres. Most of the craters in the Mekong River Delta are permanently filled with water, and thus the land is no longer fit for rice growing. The bombs and shells have torn up countless trees, and the shrapnel has been propelled over some thirty million acres, hitting additional trees and inviting fungal infection and wood rot. The craters have also disrupted irrigation systems and exposed lateritic soil—an iron-and-aluminum-rich type of soil found only in the tropics. Once exposed to the atmosphere, it hardens irreversibly. Millions of new breeding ponds have been created for disease-carrying mosquitoes. And there are now about 2.5 million dud bombs around; farmers are always bumping into them and getting parts of their bodies blown off.

"The indigenous population has been forced to flee to the cities, and the displaced people that I talked to in refugee camps told me over and over again that their one aim was to get back to their ancestral lands so they could die there. The cultural and religious aspects of life of the Indochinese peasant are very intimately tied in with the land. The people worship the land where their ancestors are buried. This has enormous survival value, because people who depend on the land have to revere the land. And that, of course, we have separated them from. This is a terribly severe blow to them—psychologically, it is totally devastating.

"You may well ask why there has been so little outcry about this. It is extraordinarily difficult to get action. I have just returned from the U.N.'s first Conference on Man's Impact on the Human Environment in Stockholm, which I attended as a representative of SIPI. I spoke before various forums, and each time I gave the same song and dance, telling people that one of the most crucial assaults on the environment was military and that this should be on the agenda. I got nowhere. The U.S. argument was that the Stockholm conference was not the right forum, that we should consider only such matters as pollution, ocean dumping, meteorological monitoring, and so on. So no action was taken on this matter—despite the fact that our manner of conducting the war in Vietnam constitutes what is perhaps the most devastating assault on the environment of all."

I asked Westing if he could describe the long-lasting effect of the war on the ecology of Indochina. He replied that at this point nobody could—"the damage is continuing on a massive scale, and there are simply too many unknowns." He did think, however, that Sen. Gaylord Nelson had expressed the situation well in a speech he made on the Senate floor last January.

While Westing looked through his files, I gazed out at the pastoral view—the campus grounds and, beyond, the gently rolling, heavily forested hills of the Connecticut River Valley. Then Westing handed me a copy of Senator Nelson's speech, and I read:

There is nothing in the history of warfare to compare with [what the United States has done in Indochina]. *A "scorched earth" policy has been a tactic of warfare throughout history, but never before has a land been so massively altered and mutilated that vast areas can never be used again or even inhabited by man or animal. . . . The cold, hard, and cruel irony of it all is that South Vietnam would have been better off losing to Hanoi than winning with us.* □

Getting Into Michael's

BY PETER M. NICHOLS

NEW YORK, N.Y.—One night a burglar will try to break into Michael's townhouse. Imagine the scene. Michael and his family are away, and the house, five stories of Georgian magnificence on Manhattan's Upper East Side, is dark. Warily the burglar climbs down a fire ladder on the side of the adjoining building, eyeing the trap door that leads to Michael's studio-gymnasium on the

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fifth floor. The neighbors are asleep. It is very quiet. At the foot of the ladder the burglar pauses for another look. A perfect setup. He creeps across the roof.

And zowie! He's into the alarm tripwire crosshatch. It's jubilee time. A siren shrivels eardrums for blocks. An electric eye alerts alarm central control in a coat closet on the first floor. A bell goes off inside the closet, outside the closet, in the street, everywhere all over the world. Amid the tumult a device automatically phones the police, and a recorded voice, enunciating beautifully, informs them that there's an intruder at Michael's house.

It will take some thief to get into Michael's. The front and patio doors are bugged. When you open one a contact breaks and off goes the clanger. The windows on the first floor and in the living room on the second are bugged. Raise any of them and wham. Even some of the carpeting is bugged. In the studio-gymnasium and elsewhere on five, electric pads connected to central control are hidden under the rugs. The house isn't breakproof, of course. A master burglar with the proper tools could disconnect the alarm system if he were careful. But, like thousands of home owners who have installed elaborate and expensive systems, Michael can leave his house feeling reasonably confident that the alarm will herald the average prowler.

So far, however, the only ones snared have been Michael, his wife, and his three small children. The alarm system is sensitive, and now and then one of them sets it off accidentally. The cops are forever charging over to Michael's. All they find are Michael and his family, gushing new explanations and old apologies. Maybe they've been in a rush to go out and Michael has activated the system before all the kids have left the pad fields in the studio-gym. Perhaps Michael's wife, who still isn't clear on what's hooked up to what, has blown the front-door egress procedure.

"It's as insidious as hell," Michael told me one day recently as we stood peering at the equipment in central control. He was going out of town and was lending me his house. "The alarm isn't all that difficult to operate," he explained, "but there's a sequence you must follow with no lapses or shortcuts. You can't get careless, especially around the front doors." Inside the main front door there is a foyer, then an inside front door. "Let's say you're coming home at night," Michael said. "To get inside you deactivate the alarm outside on the street, unlock the outer front door, unlock the inner front door, turn the system off in central control, go back outside on the street and turn it on again, come back in and lock both front doors from the inside, and finally activate everything again in central control. That way you've turned the alarm off, gotten inside, and turned the alarm on again. To go out in the morning, do everything in reverse. Turn the system off inside in central control, unlock the inner . . . ."

The windows on the first floor and in the living room on the second are bugged. Raise any of them and wham.

The inside-outside thing worried me as I strode up to the townhouse late that evening. Michael and I had walked through the seven-step operation it takes to get in and out without touching off the alarm, and I had typed the instructions on a card and put them in my wallet. "Just remember to go slowly," Michael said. "Read your card. Think about what's involved. Don't make any moves until you have everything sorted out in your head."

Right. "Socket: notch to the side on; notch on bottom off," read my directions. "Long: upper outer and upper inner . . . dark gold: lower outer . . . light gold: lower inner . . . horizontal on; vertical off." Clutching a half-pound cluster of keys, I crouched and squinted at the "socket," a minuscule silver lock with a circular keyhole located in the extreme lower-right corner of the outside front door. There was a notch about the size of a pinhead in the center of the socket, and it was turned to the side "on" position. Breathlessly I inserted my circular key into the socket and twisted the notch to the bottom, deactivating the system housewide, except for the roof alarm.

With the building shut off, it is safe to get on with the unlocking. A very long key opens the upper dead-bolt locks on both doors. A dark gold key is for the lower lock on the outer door, and a light gold key opens the lower lock on the inner door. Once inside the inner door you lock yourself in by turning the knobs of two additional interior locks and by using the long key again to throw the dead-bolt lock. Then off to check central control.

In the coat closet, along with the clanger, are two gray metal boxes. One box hums, and a key protrudes from its side. If the key is straight up and down, the system is off. If it is turned, the alarm is active. The other box is silent but has a perpetually burning red light on top. This is the box that calls the police. Mash the "test" button and the recording goes through a dry run. "Attention," says the man, obviously a moonlighting disc jockey. Ten seconds of static. "Attention," repeats the voice with a sort of "hi ya, sweetie" insouciance. "This is an emergency . . . ."

With the doors locked from the inside, the key in the box turned, and the system activated, you may proceed to bed or wherever. Unless, of course, you remember that you have forgotten to turn the notch in the socket on the outside of the outside front door to the side position. This means that, although the system is on inside, it is not on outside. You must then unlock both doors, go outside, and turn the notch in the socket to the side. In which case you will set off the alarm because you're standing with the outer front door ajar and haven't shut the system off inside by turning the key in central control straight up and down.

There is one chance to stop the cops. When the clanger goes off you have about fifteen seconds before the call is dialed and the deejay starts blabbing. Get to alarm control—about thirty feet away—open the box with the red light, and turn off the master switch. That's the switch of switches. Everything conks out, even the roof alarm. Fifteen seconds sound like enough time to go thirty feet. But remember that the inside front door will have swung shut when you went out to turn the notch in the socket and you'll have to unlock it again (long key for the upper lock, light gold for the lower).

I had no need for master switches, however. Outside off, unlock doors, inside off; outside on, lock all doors, inside on. I breezed through and trotted upstairs. It was stuffy, and I went across the living room to throw open a window. □

Peter M. Nichols is a senior editor at SR.

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Letters

Catholic Schools

Re: Louis R. Gary's and K. C. Cole's "The Politics of Aid—and a Proposal for Reform" [*SR*, July 22]. I am one man who feels that our educational system will not collapse if we permit the closing of the Roman Catholic schools in this nation. The sole reason for the existence of these institutions is to serve as the brainwashing arm of the Vatican to make sure the young Catholics do not stray from the fold. In setting up a vast system of its own schools in this country, the church was determined to counteract the kind of free-thinking that is the basis of our public school system and the kind of democratic principles for which it stands. The Roman church wanted to make sure it had complete control of the development of the character of each Catholic child when he reached school age.

The Roman Catholic schools are an anachronism. We have no need for them and the kind of stifling philosophies they espouse. They should be mercifully permitted to shrivel up and close.

Lawrence C. Roush
Wilson, N. C.

Louis R. Gary and K. C. Cole present a remarkably accurate purview of Catholic schools. In fact, they have limned our situation here in Ventura. Last year we formed a group called Patrons Assisting Catholic Education to buttress our beloved and deficit-ridden fifty-year-old elementary school. However, there is also another elementary school here and a Catholic high school, each a competing fiefdom for funds.

Separately each school unleashes its series of paper drives, candy sales, parish dinners, fiestas, and bazaars to raise supplementary support. Here is where the consolidation program of the authors not only makes sense but is a *sine qua non* to our future. By synergizing our resources, we can have a vital system, public aid or no. The selection of the Catholic educational alternative is ours, and the price today *is* high, but not unwieldy.

Ned Welsh
Ventura, Calif.

As a Roman Catholic, I am a firm believer in Jefferson's "wall of separation" between church and state. Public funds should support public schools. Parochial-school parents are not forced to send their children to parochial schools; public schools are open to all children. I refer those people who believe in parochial aid to the words of a famous American (quoted in the *Boston Globe*, Jan. 26, 1964): "Once you have religion tied up with a state, religion is going to come out in second place. We have to live within the letter and spirit of the Constitution. Once a state or government starts financing church-related schools or a church-related system of education, the next step is a controlled system."

The famous American was the late Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston.

Louis A. Carrubba
New York, N.Y.

Gary and Cole state, ". . . All are based on the false premise that enrollments are falling because Catholic parents cannot afford to pay tuition charges to Catholic schools. The assumption is that, if the government can give aid to Catholic schools, tuition stops rising; if the tuition stops rising, enrollments will stop falling. . . ."

I disagree with this. I go to a Catholic high school in Greenwich, Connecticut (St. Mary's), and I know for a fact that many more kids would be able to come to our school if the tuition were lower. My father teaches at St. Mary's and is on the financial committee of the school. If we get aid from the government, our enrollment would rise considerably. It is rising anyway because the public high school isn't so good and many parents are transfering their kids to St. Mary's. Many more would like to but can't because of the $600 tuition.

So I know that at least in Greenwich, if we had government aid, our enrollment would rise even more. Incidentally, this year our enrollment rose almost 50 per cent, with a large waiting list in each class.

Betsy Bergeron
Greenwich, Conn.

Why shouldn't the Catholic schools stay afloat if the Catholic Church has faith in its mission to teach? Such faith would compel it to use some of its enormous accumulation of wealth to teach the Catholic faith to its own children.

After almost 2,000 years of accumulating worldly goods and land from millions of bequests, it is almost incredible that the Catholic Church has the temerity to ask our taxpayers to support its own parochial schools.

Charles Repka
North Chatham, N. Y.

Serious steps toward the solution of the Catholic school crisis will have been taken when Catholic parishes 1) view Christian education in its totality, i.e., oriented toward adults and families, not toward elementary-grade children; 2) persuade public school boards to institute the teaching of the Judaeo-Christian religious heritage in the public schools.

Harvey Bollich
Euclid, Ohio

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Blue Collars

Leonard Kriegel's article "When Blue-Collar Students Go to College" [*SR*, July 22] about his life and his views while teaching at Long Island University's Brooklyn Center is a wholesale indictment of an entire faculty as well as everything good and decent in the center. In its own peculiar way, the article is also an indictment of those thousands of students who have been graduated and who have made something good and noble of their lives. The article forgets that those of us who serve on the faculty have worked sincerely and laboriously to serve those students, to teach them, to assist them. We have even loved them.

Elliot Seiden
Speech and Theater Dept.
Long Island University
The Brooklyn Center
New York, N. Y.

In no way is Professor Kriegel's indictment too harsh; it is merely uneven. The spirit of leadership [at LIU] has been feeble, and few in top positions have managed to provide a firm, honest sense of mission. Survival has been an underlying, inescapable policy that often erased competing dreams among some administrators and faculty members. Let me hasten to add that many students shared in these hopes. The name of the game was "pack 'em in," and it was forcibly dictated by those in charge. This stern demand had to be met, or jobs would perish.

The work load was heavy, salaries unreasonably low, classes huge. But despite this painful condition many teachers were invigorated by the zest of the challenge and managed to climb a few mountains in the process. An excitement did fill the air and infected many of us in this struggle. There was a resounding comfort in the fact that this was the last mile.

LIU is slightly unique and yet, tragically, has yet to find itself. I am not wishful that it establish an image but merely stretch itself into a viable urban center. And we are on this road, more rather than less. Educators may continue to argue whether a university should reflect the surrounding community or take students far out and beyond their own sense of purpose. Both are practical possibilities, and the risks, I claim, are no heavier in one than the other. Finally, I believe the author might be pleased and encouraged to know that after many years of stumbling LIU is a lot closer to the right road than ever before. Future detours and delays are both expensive and prohibitive.

R. J. Novogrod
Dept. of Political Science
Long Island University
The Brooklyn Center
New York, N. Y.

Leonard Kriegel's article expressed what I, as a blue-collar college student, have experienced. He has given me comfort and perhaps a glimmer of insight.

I might add, however, that he neglects one "fact" (or perhaps fear that I hold). Even if I do attain the upward mobility I

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desire, how may I fit in with quite a different social class from that which I was brought up in? Often a blue-collar student feels a pressure to begin making money, and his speech, manners, and behavior inhibit his motivation to achieve because of a real or an imagined inferiority.

One is well aware that the Pygmalion experiment doesn't really succeed. Teachers may, of course, become more aware of these students, which would certainly help, but it would not revamp an entire upbringing. Does Kriegel also intend that the teacher assume the role of Shaw's Professor Higgins and remold the blue-collar student to cope with his future status?

Lynn A. Koopman
Westport, Conn.

Theorists and Reality

Thanks to *SR Education* [July 22], the general public has finally been "let in on" the secret of what has troubled education in America for most of the twentieth century, namely, esoteric theorists who are out of touch with the real needs and concerns of parents, students, and teachers in public schools. The amusing thing is that Peter Marin ["Has Imagination Outstripped Reality?"] just seems to have discovered what countless numbers of participants in education courses have known for decades: that the education "experts" talk to one another, while those working and living in schools must meet "the reality of their condition" and learn by themselves "how to make small, difficult, and necessary changes" at the local and/or individual level to improve the conditions for learning. Marin judiciously points out that many "reformers" want to "use" schools for their own ends. He then miraculously concludes that "the majority of people . . . are interested in improving our existing schools." Robert Grossman's accompanying illustration vividly puts a significant segment of this majority—those in the classroom, teachers and students—*still* on their own, doing the best they can, given individual differences, to grow and learn.

Possibly the best start Peter Marin and friends could make to "find a common language" would be for them to turn to a preceding article in the same issue of *SR*, "Head Start in the Grand Canyon." That is the story of two young teachers, "employees . . . responsible to the tribal council." The aim is clear, the function definable, the results measurable, the mutual love and respect as old as the Socratic method and indeed "tender" enough for most people in real-life education.

Finally, *SR* did a further service in the same issue by bringing to the general public a "beginning" in the long overdue critique of the Coleman-Moynihan "research." James Guthrie comes close to saying what many classroom teachers know to be "dangerously" true, namely, that educational "research" can be designed to support almost any educational policy one chooses to support at any given time; and *politics* is the name of that game—*not* education, or "schooling," or whatever the current "in" term may be.

Carol H. Quandt
Garden City, Mich.

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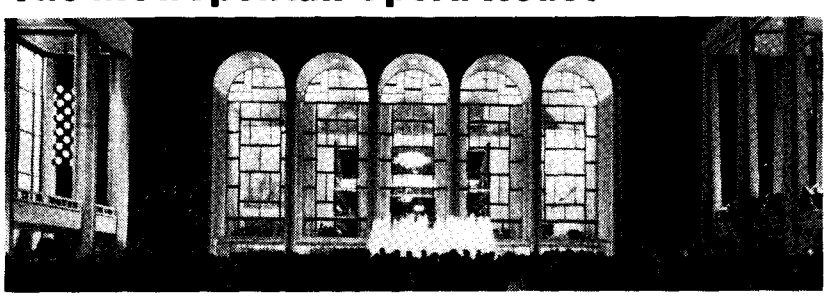

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Editorial

A Difficult but Necessary Decision

John Adams, being the first man to serve as Vice President of the United States, was naturally the first to complain bitterly about the limitations of the job. "My country," he said, "has in its wisdom contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." Adams was, however, perspicacious enough to realize that the office possessed a certain potential. "Today I am nothing," he continued, "but tomorrow I may be everything."

Franklin D. Roosevelt's death, less than four months into his fourth term, and John F. Kennedy's assassination have underlined that point in recent years. Intrinsically, the job is, and probably always will be, a rather pathetic joke; just think back to what the last three or four men who held it were able to do with it. Poor fellows were ribbon-cutters, junketeers to places no President wanted to visit, speechmakers at functions nobody wanted to attend. Aside from rounding out a ticket in an election year, their prime function was simply to be available in the event something went wrong—to serve, in other words, as a kind of President-in-Waiting. Yet, in fact, two of our last four Vice Presidents *did* become President—Richard Nixon by a rather circuitous route, and Lyndon Johnson by reason of his predecessor's murder. A third, Hubert Humphrey, missed by the narrowest of margins. It is probably best not to dwell on the possibility that the fourth, Spiro Agnew, could at any moment be thrust into the presidency.

What matters is that every occupant of the number-two spot is, in the modern cliché, "a heartbeat from the presidency." That fact should make it mandatory that only individuals of superior caliber and qualifications be nominated to this seemingly absurd post. Anyone who serves as Vice President of the United States is likely to agree at one time or another with John Nance Garner, FDR's first running mate, that the job "ain't worth a pitcher of warm spit." Yet anyone in the job is also aware that it might be worth everything.

Which brings us to the Eagleton affair. The crucial factor here was not that Missouri Sen. Thomas Eagleton had been hospitalized three times for depression or that he had undergone shock-therapy treatments on two occasions. The important point was that he saw fit to withhold that information—is "conceal" too harsh a word?—from the presidential nominee, Sen. George McGovern. Had he been completely candid about his background, of course, it is possible that McGovern would have ruled him out for the second spot. Yet it is also possible that, had he known in advance, McGovern would have risked selecting Eagleton anyway, figuring that his history would create a temporary stir and nothing more. And further, it is possible that the U.S. voter would have fully absorbed the information about Eagleton's hospitalizations long before Election Day and might even have come to feel a certain admiration for a man with the kidney to subject himself to the traumatic stresses of a national campaign despite his past problems.

Eagleton's failure to level with McGovern, however, became the pivotal issue and made it virtually mandatory that he be dropped from the Democratic ticket. Once his record was disclosed, in circumstances suggesting that an attempt might have been made to keep it quiet, it became the number-one topic of conversation. As McGovern said, "The public debate over Senator Eagleton's past medical history continues to divert attention from the great national issues that need to be discussed."

After Eagleton bowed out with a withdrawal letter stating that "my personal feelings are secondary to the necessity to unify the Democratic party and elect George McGovern President of the United States," there was a predictable reaction: a wave of sympathy for him as a man, doubt whether he should, after all, have been forced out of the campaign, and a certain feeling that McGovern had discredited or at least diminished himself by his handling of the affair.

The sympathy is entirely justified and understandable. True, Eagleton had blundered in withholding crucial information from McGovern, but now he was suddenly being cast down from eminence and confronted with political ruin—or, at best, a very uncertain future. It is to be hoped, however, that his career has not been irreparably damaged, for after his initial mistake he did behave with a great deal of dignity and decency in an extremely difficult situation.

This does not modify the fact that he should have been replaced. McGovern was absolutely right in his feeling that, had Eagleton stayed on the ticket, the campaign would have been dominated by mudslinging, not by issues that need a thorough airing. Nixon, no doubt, would have refrained from direct mention of Eagleton's mental record, but can anyone imagine that Agnew would have let the issue rest?

As for McGovern's own behavior, there were a number of disquieting elements—most notably, his vacillation. In a situation that called for crisp and decisive action, he gave the unfortunate appearance that his mind was being made up for him by party leaders. Later he subjected himself to needless embarrassment, if not outright humiliation, by letting it be known that several important Democrats had rejected the second spot before R. Sargent Shriver—an excellent choice, by the way—said yes.

There is a good deal of irony in the fact that the vice presidency became such a great issue and caused so many problems for the Democrats. Until the Eagleton affair exploded in the press, it was the Republicans who were having their troubles with the number-two spot. A number of GOP liberals, distressed by Agnew's divisive influence, were urging Nixon to dump his running mate. McGovern's nomination, however, convinced the President to stick with Spiro. Nixon's reasoning was that, with McGovern positioned to the left of center, he—Nixon—would pre-empt the middle of the road, and Agnew would secure the right wing, whose members have been sharply critical of some of the President's foreign policy initiatives. Thus, the Republican Convention in Miami Beach next week will be nothing more than a ratification ceremony for both spots on the GOP ticket. Which may well mean that for the next four years a man totally unsuited to the presidency will be just one step away from it.

Ronald P. Kriss

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Saturday Review of
EDUCATION

How We Learn Today in America

By Michael Rossman

The counterculture lives and grows, says one of its leading visionaries, Michael Rossman, thirty-one, veteran activist, former "traveling organizer of educational change," who lives in Berkeley, cultivating his garden; who, from time to time, writes, as so many who practice the open life-styles do not. His recollections of the Movement in the Sixties appeared last year in *The Wedding Within the War*. This month his new book, "transcending the totalitarian classroom," is published as *On Learning and Social Change*. He calls his writing here a "set of notes," which are by declaration speculative, metaphoric, often metaphysical, always personal. They deal with what he perceives to be the arising system of mass higher education—the "alternative system."

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How nice and quiet the college campuses have become. "The students have gone back to class"—i.e., back to the buttoned-down minds and slack apathy of the Fifties and back to conventional electoral politics, à la the early Sixties. That's the official line now, part of a general cultural urge to turn the clock back and deny all the strangeness that opened in the past decade. I sat with a man who makes policy for a major magazine about education. "The student revolts of the late Sixties were a fad," he told me. "They're over now; reform is proceeding." I wondered at the gap between our perceptions. For what has changed in the colleges, other than the consciousness of those they process?

It is now eight years since the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley announced active student discontent with the educational system. No major institutional change has followed at the University of California. The most significant event has been conversion from a semester to a quarter system, "for more efficient utilization of the physical plant" in accordance with the state's Master Plan.

True, throughout the university there has been some general liberalization, a loosening of the constraints that were designed long ago to keep students going through their paces. Electives are freer, pass/fail grading is spreading, certain interdisciplinary studies are encouraged, some community work is accredited, thesis requirements are easing, and so on. All such changes are valuable, of course, but, taken together, they amount to only a new body style on the same old internal combustion engine. They are not responses to the realization that something is wrong with the machine at its core.

Here at Berkeley the distributions and practices of power—from the university's regents, whose corporate interlock owns half of the state, down to the professors in the classroom—remain essentially unchanged. Admittedly, a few more black faces dot the campus. The class sequences and general milieu, however, are still designed to machine the young to fit slots in an economic order that maintains domestic poverty and international imperialism. There are, across the country, a few genuinely innovative schools and a handful of embattled experimental programs. But overall, in the 2,500 colleges, nothing basic has changed, even if they let the kids make love in the dorms in peace.

If the students seem now to be "just sitting around in their classes," it is not because what would move them to protest has been answered. I think they are stunned by a historical realization. The writing is clear on the classroom wall; it reads: *mene mene tekel upharsin*. During the Sixties our culture split at many seams. We grew radically conscious of sexism, capitalism, imperialism, racism, the psychedelic/spiritual domain, the body and authentic experience, and more. From each of these perspectives the university was judged and found wanting. To integrate any of these insights into people's lives and the social fabric would have been a major project. Taken together, they were like ten clouts on the head, not only because of the magnitude of their consequences but because, concatenated, they woke in our imaginations the live image of quite a different sort of human society. It is in that light that all is judged now in the deepest reaches where people attach their affections and energy.

During these first years of the Seventies the change in us that we call the Movement has seemed scattered, confused, dormant—leading many commentators to venture wishful nonsense about how it is over, dead, or harmlessly absorbed back into the mainstream culture. I think they have been misled by an accident of rhythm, a phase in our growth. What opened in the Sixties stunned us; we stepped back to grasp its implications and also to digest the first experiments, and failures, in making that comprehensive vision real in our lives. Now, outside the mainstream institutions and the media, it can be seen that we are moving on. If the students are sitting in class as of yore, it's because, though the message is in their minds and on the walls, the walls don't come tumbling down. Institutions are built of concrete, and people are still trying to use them with old notions of "efficiency." Institutions change ever so much more slowly than the living beings within them. What to do, what to do? The students are aching for viable options. Aren't we all?

Higher education, as presently institutionalized, serves to create new knowledge, to transfer certain information and skills, and to impart certain kinds of social and cognitive conditioning. It is organized to serve these functions in the interest of the established structures and relationships of power (however one describes them). And it serves them in ways largely irrelevant or inimical to the learning needs of free people in a just society. In the Sixties the conditioning in the schools began to be challenged and rejected by the young as cramping human potential and leading to death. The function of information transfer continues to undergo revolution by technology, from paperbacks to "the tube." Though the schools still seem intact as a social form, they have already begun to evanesce; from upper class to lower, kids grow frantic to disengage at earlier ages.

Three years ago there were three applications for each of the million-and-a-half slots in the national freshman class, and all the state master plans were busily projecting booming enrollments until the Millennium. Today there is *less than one* application, on the average, for each slot. Isn't that amazing? True, it has something to do with the bust of the baby boom, the inflation-recession, the spread of procedures to minimize multiple applications. But who's kidding who? The mystification of higher education has been broken decisively. Insofar as whites still take it seriously, they are coming to follow the lead of the blacks and other minorities—conceiving the colleges, not in terms of the old, broad, liberal promises, but, more narrowly, as vocational training-and-certification machines to be endured while being used for specific ends. For our broad education as citizens, and for most of our functional learning, we now look elsewhere. The lesson that may be learned by looking at the lives of "adults" has finally penetrated. Higher education is like grammar school: Most of what you learn soon evaporates; only its social conditioning endures. Rejecting that, we turn en masse and fumblingly to what we learn when we are no longer constrained by the processes and expectations of an inadequate system.

I think the outlines of what will replace the present version of higher education are already visible. What the last fifteen years have been about—the awakening of social consciousness among the young and its development through politics into counterculture and toward new community—is the growth of a new process of mass, ongoing "higher" education. What follows is a set of notes on the "alternative system." They are mostly about its present structure and the process of its curriculum. It is too early to speculate much about new institutions, except about the principles they must embody; and, because these notes describe the alternative system where it operates most strongly, they scant the complex ways in which it involves and affects practically everyone in America. But I hope they will enable the alternative system to be recognized as such, as a *system* of education.

The Alternate Network

The alternative system is largely decentralized. It has no institutional form in the sense we understand that concept. It is not a single establishment doing predictable business, in fixed modes, endlessly duplicated. Rather, to map its workings, we have

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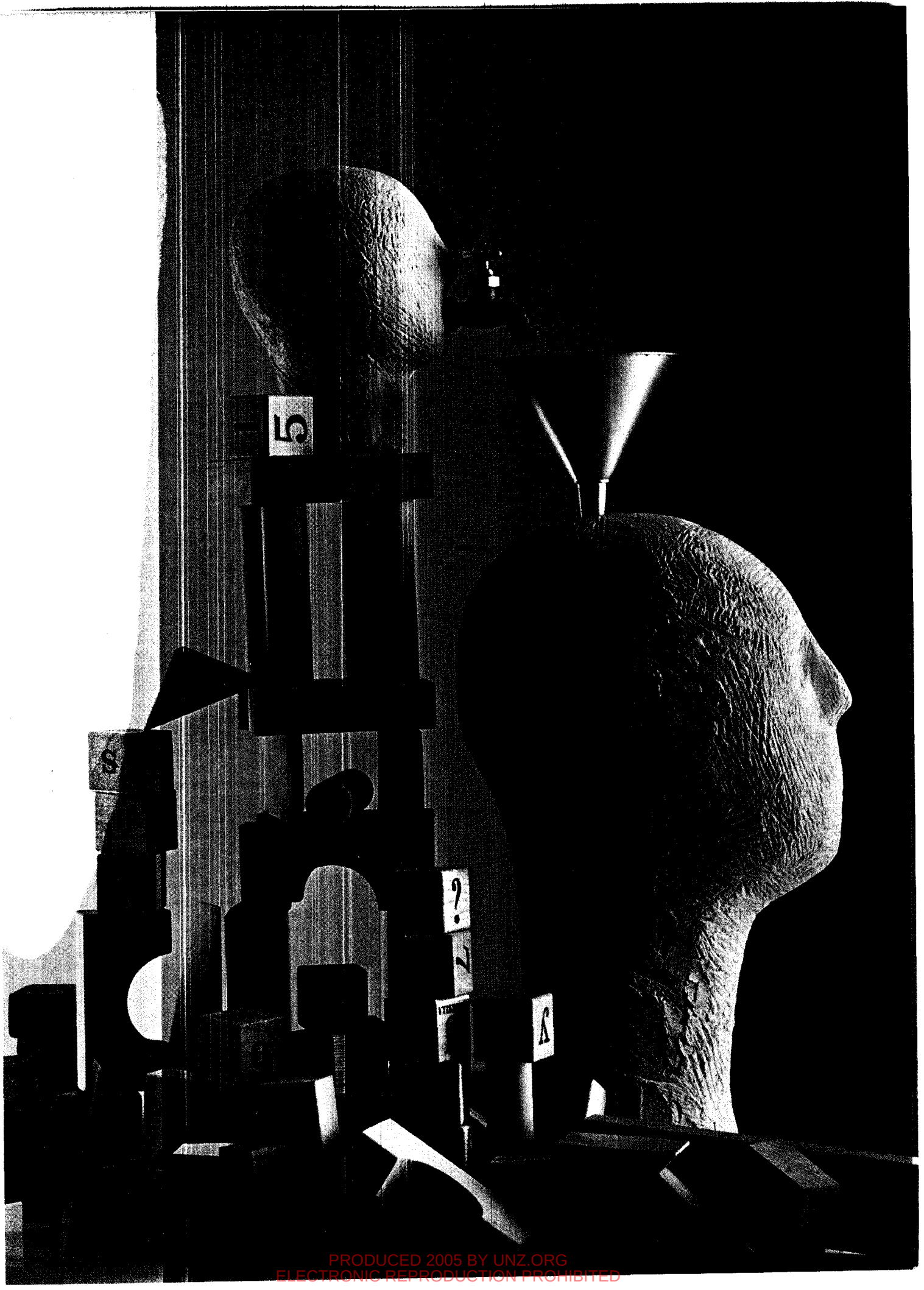

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to understand it as a network that is diverse, mobile, and evolving.

The network includes the many sorts of groups that have organized to connect people directly with the learning and learning action they now feel they need: free clinics, free schools, underground papers and radio stations, crisis centers, free universities and student-run experimental colleges, media collectives (from video to posters), minority liberation groups, anti-war and military resistance groups, tutorials, yoga/meditation/aikido/"growth" centers, ecology and consumer-action groups, and so on. Each of these categories currently includes between 200 and 800 nodes. Each node consists of a group of ten to a hundred people, their energies focused on work that involves the lives of many others. (Thus even this "countercultural" fraction of the alternate system may be seen to involve numbers of "teachers" and "students" on the same order as the official system.)

The common denominator is change —the learning of new ways. Thus each node is intense with the energies of transformation, and each person is impelled toward change from within and without. Many do change; that the average serious stay in a single node is around eighteen months is evidence of this. Thus many nodes have similar life-spans dispersing to pass their functions on to others while their people move on to new learning. Unlike conventional organizations, these are transient, disposable: They fit like thin clothes on the lives of the people within them.

How can one make a catalogue for such a college? At any rate, we are trying. *The People's Yellow Pages* in Boston lists hundreds of local organized learning resources. Similar directories flourish now in thirty cities, and a dozen efforts at ongoing national directories of sectors of the network have begun since Vocations for Social Change, on the West Coast, undertook the first one.

The proceedings of such a dispersed network can be coordinated by no hierarchical bureaucracy, but only by and in response to the changing lives of those affected. So, as an educational system, the network's silhouette is strange, lacking the usual administrative monkey on its back. Administration is absorbed into process. Yet new "trans-institutional" forms that coordinate parts of the network are already evolving. Their present prototype is the literal hive of activity called Project One in San Francisco, where some seventy different community-service-and-action groups generated during the Sixties now swirl together in the open space of a rebuilt warehouse. The process of linking parts of the network together has barely begun, and the Seventies will bring a rash of experiments in this area.

Compared with the established system, the educational process in this alternative system is both more individualized and more collectivized, and also more concerned with persons. It is involved not so centrally with books, much less with writing, and only rarely with temporary accumulations of sheer data. Its mode is primarily oral. It depends on ephemeral media. Its tempo is both quicker and slower than that of the school, proceeding as fast as —and no faster than—people can accommodate their changes. All such differences of style make the alternative system difficult to recognize and to take seriously as a competitor.

The condition of the faculty is just as different, and not only in the sense that "nonprofessional resources" are valued equally with "professional." Despite the present glut of gurus, if you ask those whose work makes these nodes, "What do you do?" very few will say, "I teach" (though most will confess this in some sense if you press them). Knowledge comes from practice, through the practitioner; increasingly, our instruction comes from people engaged in work in the world. The specialist *role* of Teacher as we have conceived it is fading; *teaching* will remain—everyone's birthright, used more flexibly and integrated into the action of life.

There are other sorts of nodes and nexuses in this learning net. At one extreme, even the institutionalized system of education may be seen as a subnet of the alternative system, at least insofar as it begins to absorb, reflect, and reinforce the latter's curriculum and process. The alternative system is not a static institution but a process of ongoing *self-directed* education; and, in this sense, the universities, like the culture's other resources, are integral to it in the degree to which they are deliberately used by its learners.

At the other extreme, even less traditionally institutional than the 10,000 small, autonomous, organized nodes mentioned above, are the ten times as many nameless nodes. These are small groups of people drawn into interaction less by work than by other broad processes of life. Their prototype now is the commune, rural or urban, which is by its nature an intense laboratory of education and re-education; but even the sketchiest friendship rings have a function in the alternative system.

Such learning groups resemble what Kurt Vonnegut calls *karasses*, fortunate combinations of people brought together for significant experience by some working that is deeper than random. Vonnegut's description is not simply poetic: It grasps at aspects of our experience whose effects are perhaps only now growing powerful enough to demand naming. Increasingly our context is defined by mobility and change: One American in six moves every year, and the "alternative students" move much more often and go through many more personal changes.

The small group is the essential vehicle and unit of learning and of life-support (beyond the merely physical). We have seen, to our distress, how the forces at play in our culture are tearing apart the old, small-group forms of family, work, and friendship. Now other forms are evolving to replace them. The welter of interaction that sorts out at the moment into *karass*, commune, and network must be seen as neither random nor conventional but rather as an attempt—many attempts —at new modes of organizing human energy into groups in order to cope with a world of flux.

Seeing this net of meta-stable eddies in the general swirl as the ground of an educational process, the difference between its basic learning group and the basic group of the institutionalized system (the class) is striking.

A class consists of people with minimal mutual commitment come together by inorganic schedule and program rather than common life purpose; joined for brief, isolated meetings on a fixed schedule in a longer arbitrary time; encountering one another in only one of their many dimensions, in an authority-centered society with fixed roles; dominated by a punishment/reward framework of motivation; acquiring a specialized splinter of knowledge already prepared; and, beyond this, training in data processing and social conditioning.

In free-learning groups, from communes to more organized nodes, people joined by common interest and mutual design choose to commit themselves to come together extensively and intensively over an open-ended period. They meet each other on as many of their human levels as they can, in a democratic peer society that generates its own norms and internal motivations, to learn and to create the general and particular life knowledge needed.

I may seem to be describing this alternative educational system much too loosely, for at the level of *karass* and commune and somewhat at the level of the organized nodes, it merges indistinguishably with the other processes of everyday life. But that is precisely the point! Institutions of mass (higher) education are a recent cultural innovation. Why should we have assumed that the form in which they dressed the function of extended citizen learn-

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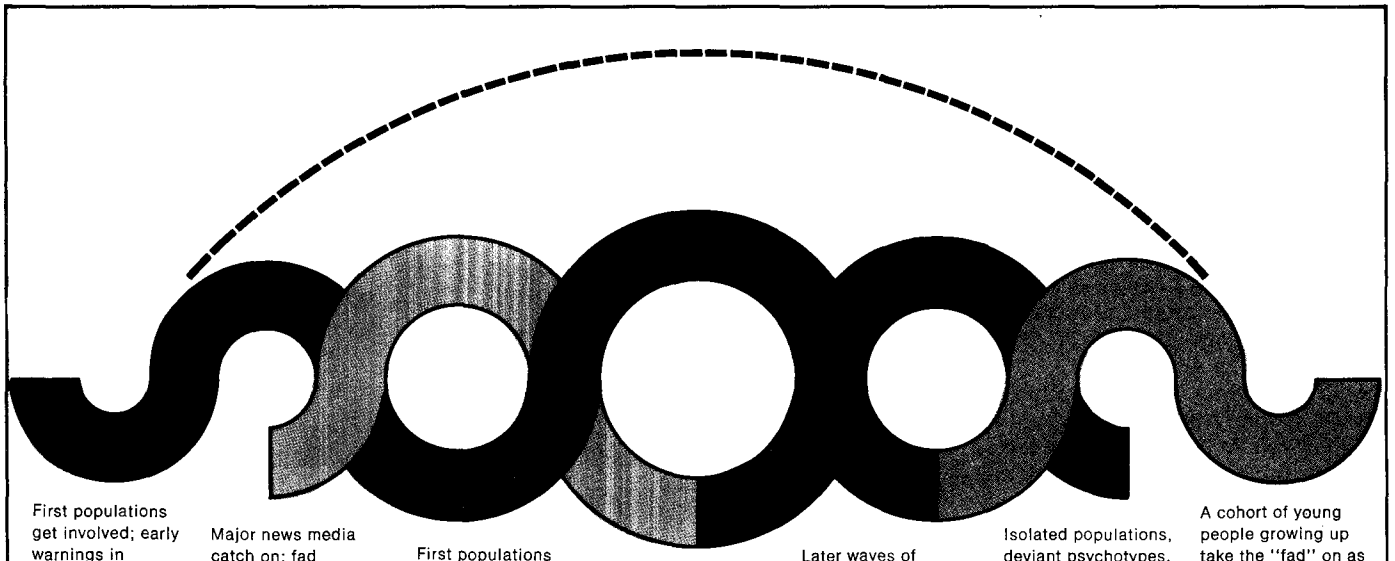
PROFILE OF A LEARNING FAD


First populations get involved; early warnings in fringe media.
Major news media catch on; fad spreads by contagion of contact from first populations.
First populations yield instructors, proselytizers.
Serious media evaluation; books; institutionalization begins as in the human potential movement. Fad spreads through media, involving dependent populations and those at second remove.
Later waves of contagion as change in other populations (or change in social climate by process so far) opens them to infection.
Isolated populations, deviant psychotypes.
A cohort of young people growing up take the "fad" on as a mass learning phase.

The author's diagram for the phenomenon that he discusses on page 32.

ing was immortal? As the function of *teacher* becomes despecialized, so (from our perspective) the process of education becomes deinstitutionalized and is freed to be reconfigured with the "other" processes of our integral lives —perhaps in forms hard to recognize.

But forms there will be, for, actually, talk about "institutions" versus "deinstitutionalization" is nonsense, as is the argument about "structure" versus "nonstructure." There is no nonstructure; even chaos has within it the form of whatever consciousness persists through it. If an institution is the shape in which a basic human need is serviced in society, then what I am so sketchily describing as a process-system is an institution in an early stage of evolution. But it takes an understanding different from that provided by the current standard model of "institution" to recognize in this swirl of motion a first model of the higher institutional form appropriate to our changing age.

The Process of the Curriculum

More important than the present structure of the alternative system is the process of its curriculum. The matter of fads is central. People talk of these synchronous surges of group consciousness as the magazine man did to me of student protest—as if a fad were merely some shift of fashion, dictated by commercial or irrational impulse, that leaves no more trace than a dress tried on. As if the "Dylan fad" and the "psychedelic fad" were like a new washday detergent and left the consumer just as susceptible to "reprograming." Likewise, quite intelligent men viewed the "McLuhan fad" of the mid-Sixties as (at best) merely another interesting set of notions, to be filed away with the rest. If hippie visionaries went off muttering about how electronic media link us into unified consciousness, few paid them any serious mind, or wondered aloud about the consequences of new extensions of man and new awareness of them. The system of our alternative education has many components and is highly decentralized; it is not bounded by geography. What makes it visible and integral is its diverse curriculum, which is made manifest in fad through media.

At present the main topics, as I read them, are the psycho-spiritual domain and the building of family. But the curriculum keeps changing. One year we study institutional racism; the next, singing, dancing, and freaking out. One year it is power analysis and foreign policy; the next, the psychedelic experience; the next, sexism, sisterhood, and the reconstruction of the *macho* ego. What is remarkable, besides the diversity of the topics, is how we focus on them one or two at a time, and one after another, in methodical sequence. And more: How our major shifts of attention occur in regular periods, averaging roughly two years.

People still dismiss this wandering of our interest as a series of transient fads (as if that explained anything!). Rather, I think, the motion we *will* in the face of our circumstances compels us to learn many things; and as we are increasingly linked by our media into a collective consciousness, we tend increasingly to learn them together. The ambience becomes rich with a subject; for a time its resonances play in the talk of all our friends; then something else is in the air. (The virtues of *immersion* and *saturation* are well known for language learning and hold for many other subjects.)

Individual learning has natural rhythms and periods, which are distorted within our institutions but may be clearly observed outside them. Roughly speaking, the phase of opening to significant new knowledge takes some six months, and the phase of integrating it into consciousness takes another eighteen. Nor can one learn intensely in more than a few ways at a time. That these limits, phases, and periods are reflected with increasing strength in the collective operations of our attention—as may be seen by examining in detail the progress of any major fad—is evidence that our interaction through media is slowly but massively synchronizing our changes, both personal and social.

The nature of the system of education now developing is so new that we have neither terms nor concepts to describe it adequately. Here are some

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notes about a few of the processes that go on within it:

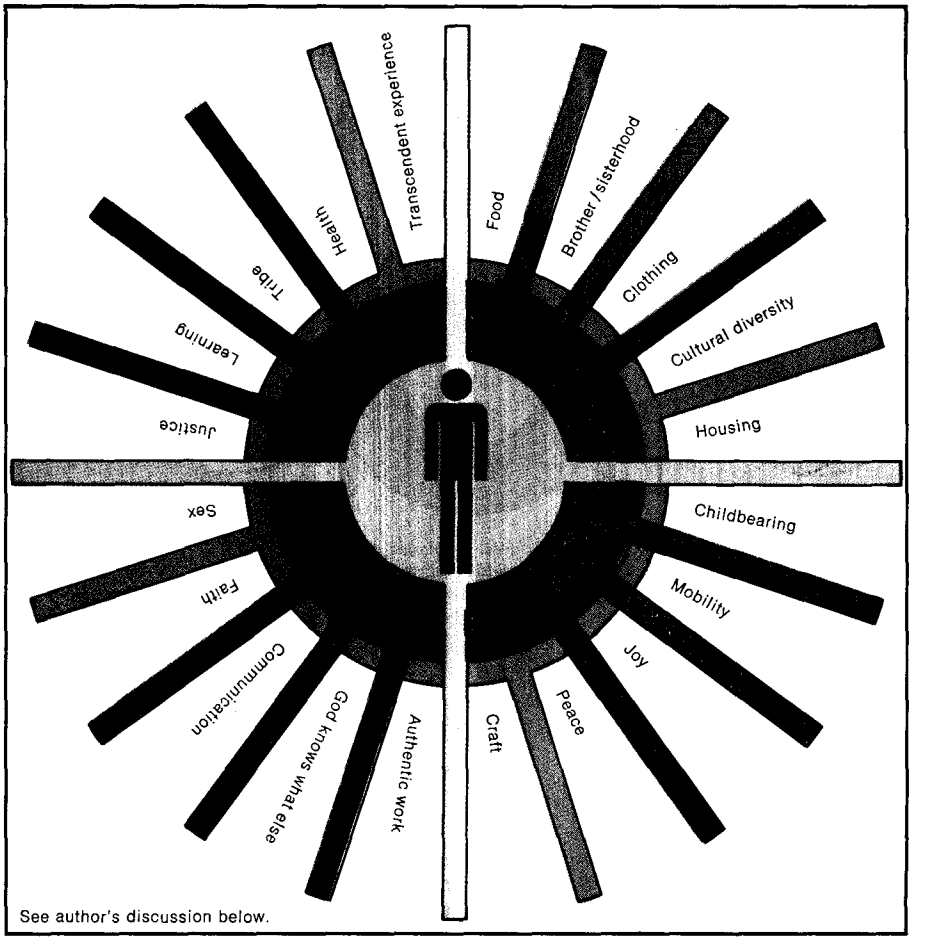
• Do you only imagine you heard a collective gasp as Jack Ruby rushed up to Oswald? What has been dwelling in you since that day we watched in awe earth-rise over the moon's turning limb? Though a million turned out at Cambodia time, we took the knowledge of Kent State like a bullet in the brain and all that fall and winter were depressed, in twenty million private agonies from east to west.

• Trashing has been too simply dismissed as the fadwork of a stupid and irresponsible minority. It was a serious study in our school, and it illustrates the potential for learning-theater opened by up-to-date audiovisual equipment. For we were all Weathermen and -women. The trashers and the Weatherpeople represented a part of each of us, however unconfessed, a serious part burning with rage and frustration, and also a part that thoughtfully considered the usefulness of violence—against property, and perhaps even persons—as a tactic of social change. In effect we extended pseudopods in experiment. Magnified (and distorted) through the media, such actions represented us to ourselves. We watched and learned. Windows broke, buildings burned, the FBI "Most Wanted" lists went up; we saw and judged the effects on the social environment. It took two years, the "Manhattan townhouse" and University of Wisconsin tragedies, and Kent State and Jackson State, for us to make up our minds nationwide. The experiment was not abandoned but tabled.

• Among other effects, grass and acid tend to open their users to sensory experience and to a sense of integration within the natural order. Several years after the mass impact of psychedelic experience, fads concerning the body and ecology grew manifest. Counterculturalists did not create these fads: food freaks and Rachel Carson had been around a long time. The mass contagions began only when a large part of the body politic became susceptible through changed consciousness.

Our study of reconnecting to our bodies and regaining control of them soon developed three main themes: What we eat to be healthy, how we tend our bodies, how we service our health. In this subsector of curriculum the range of media involved in our learning becomes clear: macrobiotic columns in underground papers and garden plots in city and on farm; paperbacks on yoga and free-university courses in dance therapy; medic teams at demonstrations and now 200 free clinics. The range of instructors is also different from the official system's,

THE WHEEL OF THE CURRICULUM



See author's discussion below.

embracing indiscriminately doctor and bread-baking neighbor in a milieu in which specialism is breaking down. Such dispersed, massive "action-study" of the body now begins to lead into another wave of learning, this time about the forbidden domain of psychic powers. (Thus our curriculum does have its organic course sequences.)

Of course, the alternative process is not as monotopical and synchronous as I have pictured it. It has a more healthy complexity, but I have described it this way to emphasize the features that make it visible as systematic process. At any given time it may be understood in terms of a mosaic of subpopulations—defined by the intersecting meshes of social class, subculture, and age—within each of which mass learning proceeds with its distinct curriculum in this faddish manner. And within each, as in college, not everyone concentrates on even the most important things at the same time, and any given topic is entered deeply only by some.

Though each approaches its studies from a special perspective, these subpopulations do not learn independently. Orderly processes relate their learning. An impression of some of the forces at work can be had from the sketch on page 31.

Stone thrown in a pond. A learning fad spreads outward from first impact in concentric ripples, their momentum borne by the media of our interaction. With time and social distance they grow weaker, become more subject to interference from other ripples; but eventually everyone is affected, at least subliminally. Everyone is involved in this school if only in reaction to what others are learning. Suburban housewives separating their garbage and demonstrating against busing, black Muslims marketing natural bread: The waves of learning cross traditional boundaries of culture and politics.

What makes the alternative system radically different from all past processes of human learning is this aspect of mass synchronization—collective consciousness, independent of distance, brought about through new technologies. What makes it less, and more, than simply the general, routine process of learning in America is what makes it visible as a college of change: its curriculum.

For there is deep order indeed in the curriculum's meandering diversity. Picture the human being, surrounded by the comprehensive wheel of our needs in a society (see diagram above). The curriculum of alternatives moves within this wheel, focusing on subject after subject as the years go by. Its perambulations follow developmental logics, as in the sequence "psychedelics/body/paranormal," for example,

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and are modulated by all the forces at play in the society. Some subjects seem forced upon us; others we choose or create. Slowly and surely the curriculum moves through the whole wheel, passing on, looping back. *Have no fear. What you did not learn this time will come around again, in some appropriate way. And we shall have to deal with it all before we are through.*

The Curriculum is Transformation. As a whole, the official schools, and most of the rest of life learning in our culture, are designed to, and function to, maintain the established realities of consciousness, behavior, and power. *The alternative system is precisely the social embodiment of the process of changing these established realities.* It penetrates most institutions now and has roots within every individual.

It is this distinction between maintaining and changing the realities of our human condition that justifies calling our floating college of change an *alternative system.* Though everyone is in some way a student in it, clearly some have chosen to enroll more intensively and deliberately in its broad curriculum. I have called them "we" and assume that the network of nodes exhibits them most clearly now. Surely it is the functional center of the alternative system. Yet there are no sharp or fixed lines to define who is involved in building a new order. Most of the lines drawn in the Sixties are blurring as change proceeds.

Need I say that the change is not random? It occurs in the light of visions dimly grasped but widely and powerfully felt about what we might do with who we are and what we have in light of the potentials and real limits revealed by our time. The curriculum passes from topic to topic as those visions inspire attempts to transform particular aspects of our lives and eventually to transform the entire society in a comprehensive and integral image. *We are now in urgent need of a still higher order of curriculum, one through which we may learn to reconcile and integrate the many partial changes going on in diversity and some apparent contradiction.*

The media of this alternative system —from information bearing to person sharing—are each now changing, and each may change quite radically as it continues to evolve. What will remain constant is what is pursued through each medium: change in human reality in the light of integral vision (a vision that is itself evolving). And though, if our species survives, we may look forward to some period of cultural stability after the period of whirl we are still early into, this "stability" may be of a higher order: a fixed balance of relation, not to the momentary forms of our culture, but to the process of change manifest within it through these forms. *For Transformation is the naked and underlying condition of the universe.* Through being geared to high technology ours has become the first society deliberately to generate its own continual qualitative change; and the radical opening of other human potentials brings our consciousness even more directly into contact with this truth. What conception of education, and what institutionalization, is appropriate? For now, the college that is eternal is the school of change, which teaches us to live in harmony with Transformation.

I know, all this is ethereal, a flight of metaphysical fancy. And yet, a fundamental change of metaphysics is at the heart of our culture's revolution, and ultimately education will be reformed from this ground up. For now, note that the fixed opposites that characterize our version of education —teacher/student, school/world, learning/play/work—are breaking down, and that education's reinstitutionalization proceeds in the light of their reconception as both fluid and polar aspects of an integral activity.

Prefiguration

Perhaps the most deeply rooted of these divisions is between young and old. Its power structure has come down through history unchanged, grounded in the fact that the younger were largely dependent on the older for their learning. Now our condition changes. Margaret Mead calls it "prefigurative" learning—the process of older learning from younger basic lessons in adaptation to changing conditions of material and human reality.

The first traces of mass prefigurative learning have been visible for some time as fads of fashion and superficial attitudes that spread upward agewise from the young. (The simpering, cruel worship of Youth that preceded the time when youth turned weird may be viewed as an early attempt to adjust to prefiguration, albeit one distorted to caricature by the profit economy.) Recently, prefigurative fads have grown more substantive and frequent. Youth protest against the war catalyzed the shift of public consciousness that convinced Johnson not to run again. Overall, there is scarcely a topic of change on the adult mind that was not put there by younger people. From teen-aged city council members to George McGovern—who two years ago was at best a moderate liberal on all but foreign policy—we see the rise of politicians who depend on the vast energy and social consciousness of a youth constituency.

We are in for the age-democratization of society in general, and of education in particular. Already institutions of *post*figurative learning have started to function "in reverse" as liberal professors learn new style and content from their students and kids turn on their families. Every wave of immigrants has learned in part from its children to adapt to a new culture. But we are all immigrants of Time now, arriving daily on the strange shores of the future; and the prefigurative capacities of the traditional family are as inadequate for our naturalization as are the cofigurative processes of the nuclear couple. Deeply different sorts of institutions must arise to incorporate these tendencies in new balance. (The first, undifferentiated stages of their evolution may already be visible.)

Of all the forces that now induce institutional mutation, prefiguration is perhaps the most strange and basic, more so even than technology. Condensing it through ritual into social form—which is what institutionalization is about—will be like constructing magnetic pinch bottles to contain thermonuclear reaction, demanding a different order of technology to harness elemental energies.

Any social form actually embodying prefigurative processes must be subject to constant transformation, as its conception in the minds of older people changes by learning from the experience of the younger. Thus its stability as form, as institution, must be maintained on a higher level than we are accustomed to as a continuity-in-flux. As we pass from the metal walls of the internal combustion engine to the magnetic walls of the fusion generator, dense flux of matter rarified one more degree to organize unfolding energy, so the structure of prefigurative institutions will be rarified—into process, or into something for which we have as yet no name.

I am as unsatisfied as you are with this metaphor. But I feel bound to offer my awkward premonitions, because the processes of prefigurative learning are by definition at the heart of the alternative system.

In our alternative system, as in the other, the process as much as the content is being taught and learned. For each of us in some way, and together, it is the process of becoming new people, larger than the limits that we were taught bound us; and thus of creating an unknown and just society, and ultimately refiguring our way in the cosmos. This process is our Movement, kick as you will against my lumping all of its warring hydra heads together. It now extends from where we probe for reconnection to ancient fire in flesh and brain, to our attempts to restructure institutionalized power. And it goes on. □

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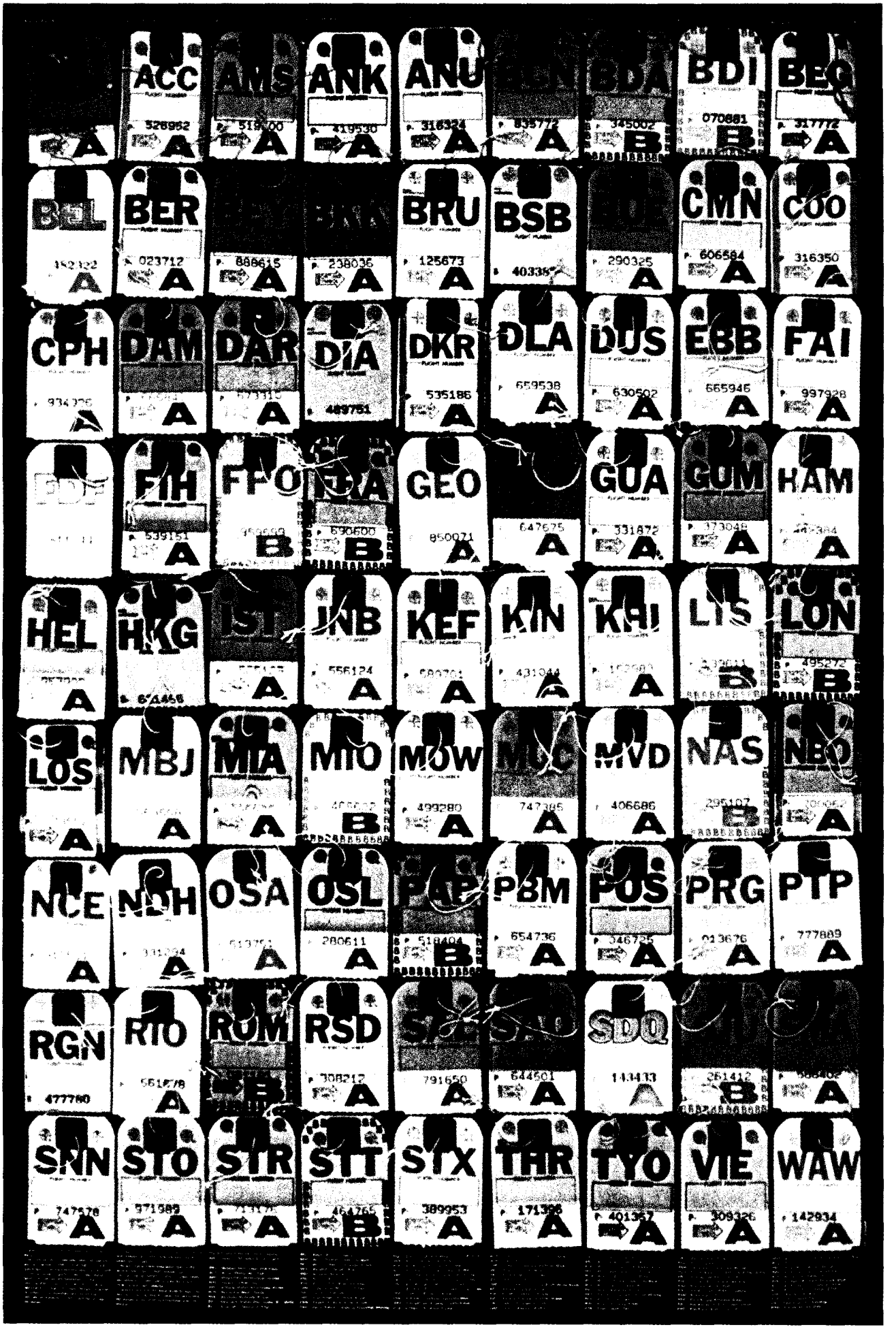

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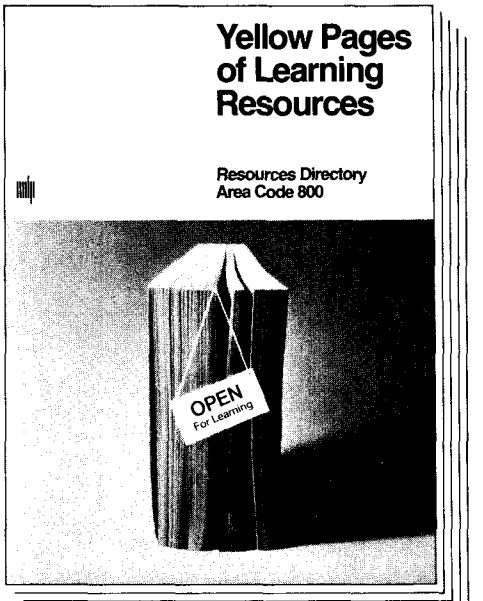
ABC'S OF CITY LEARNING

BY JOHN BREMER

Sophists and scientists, politicians and philosophers, have always been fascinated by "phenomena"—that is, by the visible, by what shows. In their various ways, with their various purposes, they have set out to save the appearances, to explain them, or explain them away. It could not be otherwise, for the appearances, what everybody sees, are what we have in common. And on occasion we become a community through the acceptance of a set of appearances (usually of ourselves) presented by a national leader. In the classical age Pericles portrayed Athens in such a way that the Athenians could bring into being the city they heard described by accepting his account of themselves as one within their achievement.

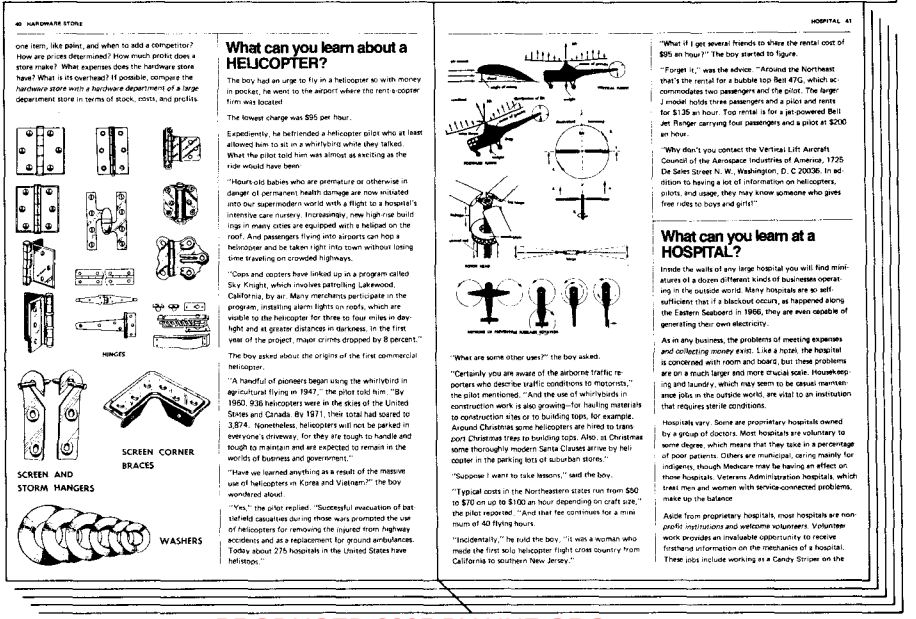
The rhetorical problem that Pericles (and any such teacher) faced is delicate, intricate, and universal. It is universal because it must include *all* in the creation of unity, intricate because the vision held up to everyone must offer a place to each individual, delicate because the gap between the vision and the previously experienced reality must be bridgeable by the citizens (so they do not charge the visionary with cynicism), yet bridgeable only through their effort and toil (to provide the satisfaction that comes from accomplishment and growth). Pericles offers an invisible Athens to ennoble the visible Athens; Plato, more ambitiously, offers the invisible

John Bremer, the founder of Philadelphia's Parkway Program, is coauthor of *School Without Walls* and *Open Education: A Beginning*, both published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. He is now Killam Senior Fellow at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia.



In keeping with the notion that learning is not confined to the classroom, Yellow Pages *is an invitation to discover the city as a learning resource. The directory was produced by the Group for Environmental Education and supported by Educational Facilities Laboratories and MIT Press.*

Ivan Chermayeff found that even airport baggage routers did not know the symbols for every airport in his poster. Designed in association with Yellow Pages, *the posters were done by well-known designers who donated their services. The National Endowment for the Arts and Champion Paper absorbed printing and paper costs.*



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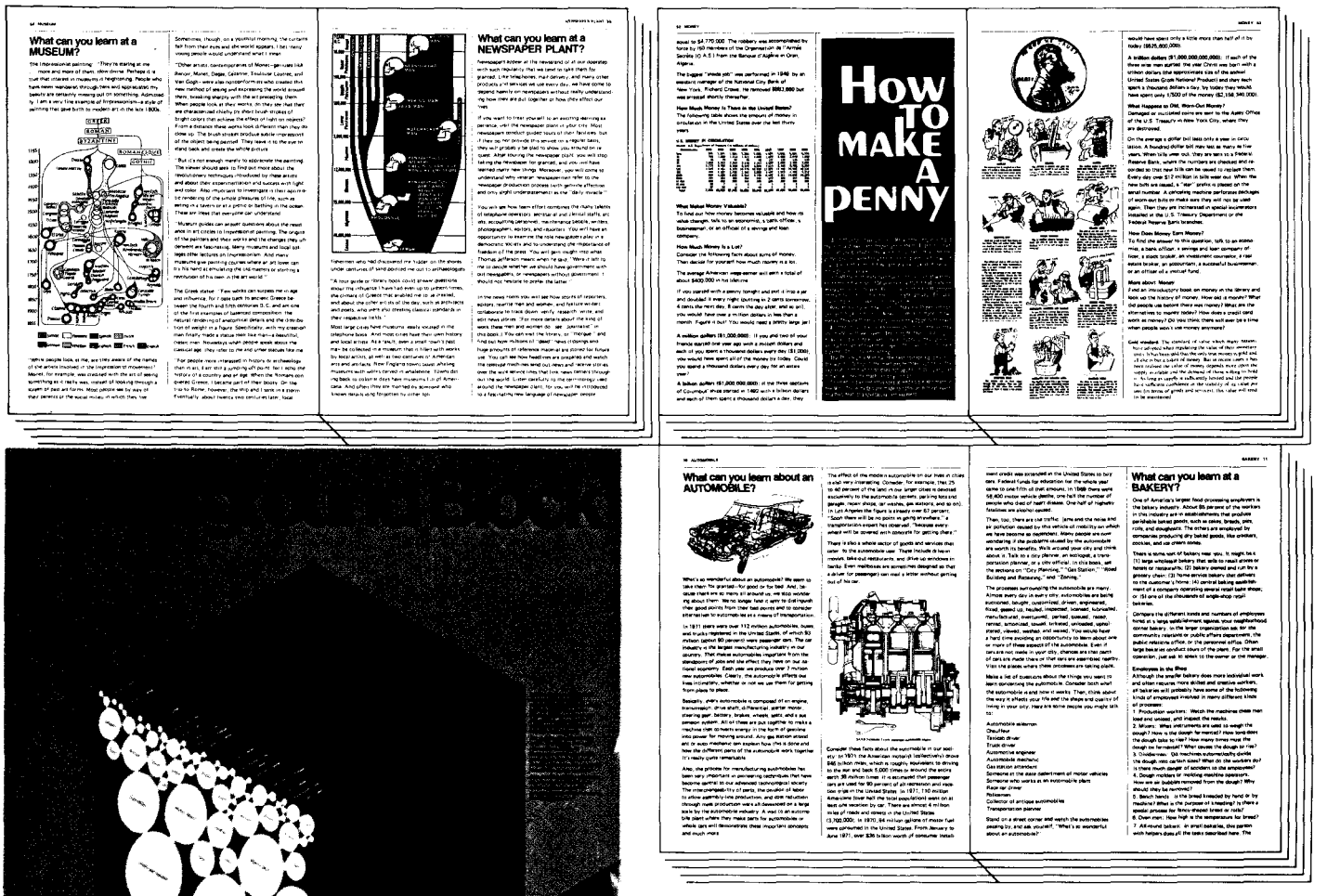
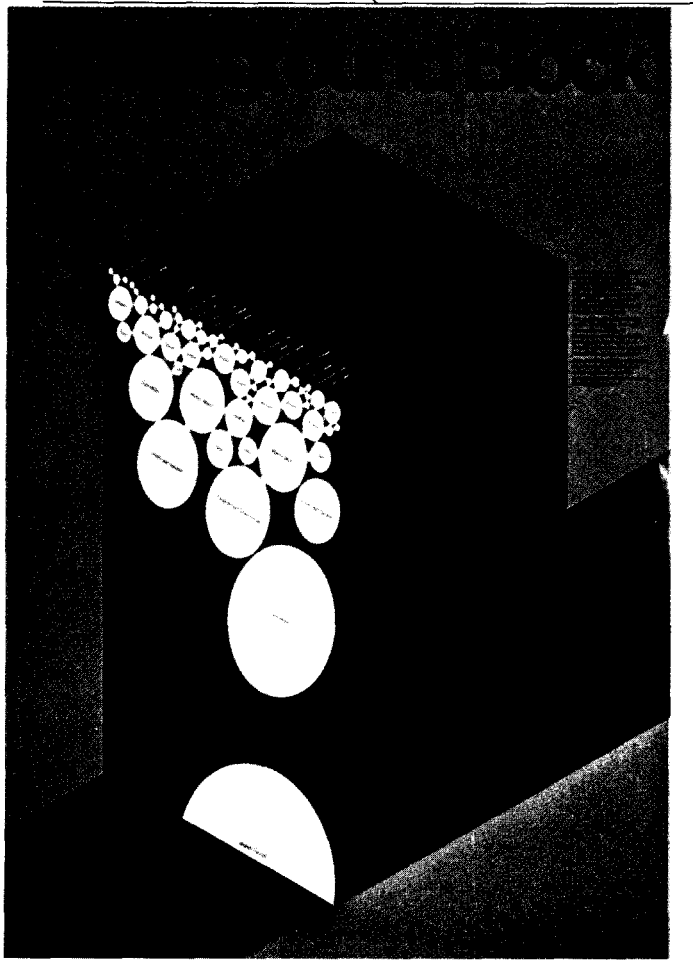

What can you learn at a MUSEUM?
What can you learn at a NEWSPAPER PLANT?
How to make a penny
What can you learn about an AUTOMOBILE?
What can you learn at a BAKERY?

Above, selections of learning resources from Yellow Pages *indicate the breadth of learning possibilities explored. At right, Herb Lubalin's colorful poster picks up on the theme that everyday encounters offer learning opportunities.*



Peter Bradford's poster shows the complicated world beneath the street. Each of the 1,500 participants at the International Design Conference received a complete set of twelve posters. Additional sets will be distributed to selected schools this fall.

Republic to ennoble the visible Republic, any visible republic.

What is curious is that the visible city, in the sense of an actual city, is not in fact completely visible to its citizens. First, it is not visible because it is not *one* city; as Plato pointed out, it is at least two—that of the rich and that of the poor. Second, its citizens have been too well "educated"; they look at their own particular piece of the action only. In addition, they have been offered a mythological account of the city, which has enough contact with the visible to be plausible and yet which hides the true state of affairs (that is, makes it invisible). The paradox is accentuated by the fact that it is the mythology that the citizens accept, though it is invisible, and this prevents them from seeing what is before them (and therefore visible). The critical force of the philosophic vision is thus lessened because it can be related to the myth and not to the reality of the city. This could be summed up by saying that, since the visible city is private, it needs to be kept invisible (by sophistry) and that the hope of city improvement (embodied in the philosophic vision), although invisible, must be kept visible to work in the public mind. Such is the task of education as renewal.

Many of us now recognize that formal education can take place on occasion—perhaps should take place—outside the walls of the school. But the issue remains in doubt: Will the use of the city generate a new pattern and purpose for education? Or will the city merely be turned into a schoolhouse, in the sense that it will do, with its powerful resources, what the school used to do when the school was potent? In the past public education, perhaps not inappropriately, has served the "invisible city"—it has supported and upheld private interests. Now, particularly among students and teachers, there is a strong movement to use public education for public purpose; they wish to improve the quality of human life by

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WHAT YOU CAN LEARN FROM AN ANTIQUE DEALER

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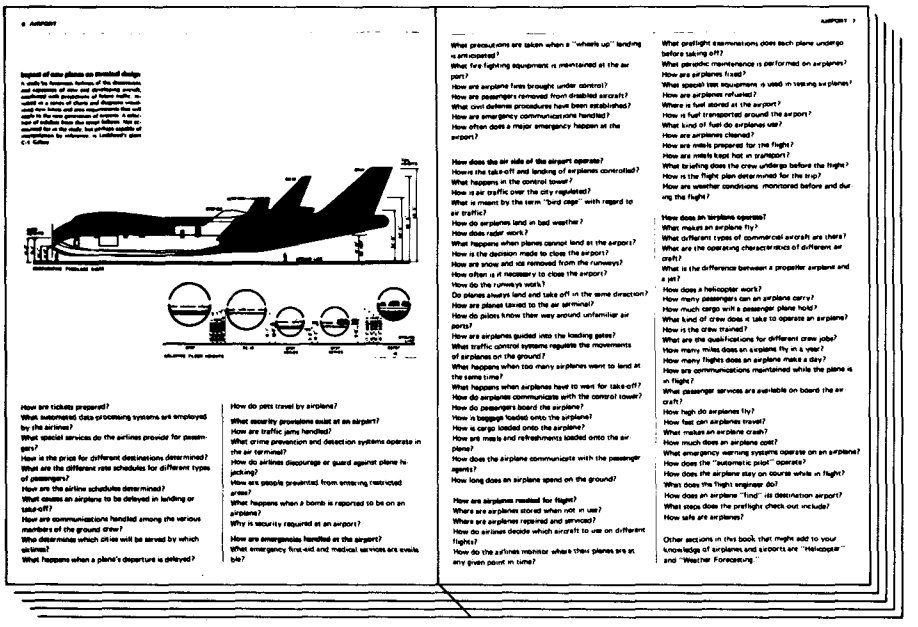

commitment to the ideal notion of a city both as a philosophic vision and as a dedication to community. As students often see it, this struggle is one between "fitting into the system" (with its restrictive demands and relatively sure rewards of some money and status) and participating in the creation of a new kind of society (a process that is exciting but also dangerous).

Yellow Pages of Learning Resources was prepared under the editorship of Richard Saul Wurman (The MIT Press, 94 pp., paperback $1.95) in connection with the International Design Conference on the theme "The Invisible City" held in Aspen, Colorado, in June. "This book is concerned with the potential of the city as a place for learning," Wurman writes in the introduction:

> Education has been thought of as taking place mainly within the confines of the classroom. . . . However, the most extensive facility imaginable for learning is our urban environment. It is a classroom without walls . . . offering a boundless curriculum with unlimited expertise. If we can make our urban environment comprehensible and observable, we will have created classrooms with endless windows on the world.

Discovery of the city is facilitated by a catalogue of seventy alphabetically arranged categories made up of: people (twenty-eight entries, ranging from butcher to psychologist); places (twenty-nine entries, from city hall to zoo); and processes (thirteen entries from candymaking to weather forecasting). For each entry there are some descriptive statements, suggestions of how to explore the particular resource, a series of questions, and sometimes a personal report.

For anyone who has not used the city as campus and curriculum, the *Yellow Pages* will provide support, but it will readily be outgrown (as it should be) by anyone with enough determination and interest to begin and continue for more than a brief time. In short, it is a fine *primer*, leading to the writing of one's own catalogue of resources perhaps, but, more importantly, to using the city as an expanding resource.

The key to learning is to ask the right questions. But how many? Yellow Pages *suggests ninety-eight questions one might ask an airport administrator.*

The central problem that "schools without walls" pose for all of us is the relation of knowledge to action, of education to politics. If, through new modes of education, the invisible, private city is made visible—genuinely visible—to the young, they will not leave it unchanged. The educational process will then be seen as an interaction, in which the city and the student come to terms with each other, each by changing in some measure to accommodate the other. The *Yellow Pages*, with charming naïveté, plays with dynamite in its "Guidelines for Group Learning":

> An investigation will tend to be more successful if it involves action, not only study. If you are learning about air pollution, learn who the polluters are. It is far more satisfying to plan an action that might involve reporting an offender. . . .

The innocence of this statement could be disastrous. It is only rarely that changes are brought about by the identification of a lone offender. To encourage the notion that one accomplishes social and economic changes in much the same way as one solves arithmetic problems in a workbook is to do disservice to the idea that the young have a creative contribution to make to the improvement of city life. The political and communications skills necessary for real change take a long time to acquire. If action is encouraged in students, they should be provided with an opportunity to acquire the indispensable tools for effective action.

Yellow Pages does nothing further to encourage action than make interesting recommendations for exploration. It seems to assume that the city (like the school) is a place to which you come for information. You ask questions and record the answers, and the whole affair is cut and dried. There is no uncertainty, no doubt, no complexity in the *Yellow Pages*—and one is left with the impression that such people as hotel managers, carpenters, and ward leaders are delighted to be cross-examined at any time (although a union boss should be interviewed "during his lunch hour or after work").

There is also danger that *Yellow Pages* will be seen as a new curriculum guide; a lot of creativity will be needed to prevent it from being treated as just another syllabus to be worked through. For a teacher in a school particularly, additional problems emerge in preparing the city to receive students (which must be done) and in handling the simple, logistical difficulties (such as timetables) that never arise inside a school because they are all solved before a student ever enters the building.

The *Yellow Pages* is a new venture and should be valuable to many of us, for its vices as well as for its virtues. The authors cannot reasonably have been expected to make definitive statements about the visible and invisible cities, about the public and the private, and about how students could or should affect their cities, but they can be held responsible for the view of learning they promote. The main limitation of this view is that it puts the student in the role of a visitor, of an outsider, of an observer, with isolated or sporadic occasions for learning, which is achieved by rather aggressive and unimaginative questioning.

To know that "a good carpenter can drive a 6d [sixpenny] nail with three strokes" is not to know what the carpenter knows. There is a great difference between knowing about carpentering and knowing carpentering, just as there is a great difference between knowing about how to live and knowing how to live. To know about something is to be its observer; what is needed, surely, is for the student to be a participant. There must be a continuity between the life of the city and the life of the student-citizen. How to bring that about, given the complexity of the city and its "invisibility," we seem not to know. □

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CONFRONTATIONS LONG AGO— THE STUDENT LEADERS LOOK BACK

BY GEORGE H. STRAUSS

Only two short years ago—it seems more like two decades now—high schools across the country were in turmoil. Students were protesting for a variety of reforms and causes—ending the war in Vietnam, obtaining student rights in the schools, eliminating poverty and racism, improving our physical environment.

During the 1969/70 school year, while doing research for my doctoral dissertation on student activism, I got to know the leaders of the student protest movements in the New York City schools. I recently spoke with four of them about their political activity of two years ago, their second thoughts on what they accomplished—or failed to accomplish—and their personal development since graduating from high school.

Participating in the interview-discussion with me were Donald Reeves, Arthur Schwartz, Julie Simon, and Robert Reiss. All of them were outstanding student leaders two years ago. They represent, to me at least, many of the human complexities and contrasts of the high school Protest Generation of the Sixties.

Donald Reeves is Jamaican-American, black, and tall. He recently published a book about his high school experiences, *Notes of a Processed Brother*. Two years ago Don was president of the New York City General Organization Council, a group of elected student representatives, and head of the High School Student Rights Coalition. His name was mentioned in the newspapers a good deal at that time. This fall he will be a junior at Cornell University.

Arthur Schwartz, a self-confessed organization man of two years ago, was then high school coordinator for the Vietnam Moratorium. He was also vice president of the G. O. Council and one of the drafters of a high school student bill of rights. After graduating from Bronx High School of Science, he moved away from involvement in political organizations until last spring, when he participated in sit-ins at Columbia University. He will be a junior at Columbia this fall.

Julie Simon is an activist with a sense of humor. Her ebullience is enough to charm away one's thoughts about the aftermath of revolution, when the winners settle accounts with the losers. Two years ago Julie was an outstanding speaker at antiwar rallies for the Student Mobilization Committee (SMC) to End the War in Vietnam. She is still actively speaking out against the war, while attending Barnard College.

Robert Reiss is awaiting trial for refusing to register for the draft. I have seen his face somewhere in a Delacroix painting of French revolutionaries, those hunted, haunted young men who were willing to die for their ideals. I met Robert in the spring of 1970 at an SMC convention. He was in the lobby much of the time handing out literature and talking to people individually rather than inside the hall with the speakers and the organizers.

These four young activists exhibit both a critical openness and a sense of certainty about their basic values that I find refreshing. I think that they have much to say to us about the bureaucratic world we all inhabit and particularly about that most sensitive—and insensitive—of bureaucracies, the school system, and its proudest institution, the high school.

STRAUSS: What do you feel was accomplished by your activities two years ago? Have the results lasted or did they, in fact, melt away when you graduated?

SIMON: I'm still involved in the Student Mobilization Committee, and at every single meeting that I go to there's always a point on the agenda about high school rights or the high school struggle or whatever. The meetings are much like they used to be. There are different people giving the reports now, but they're saying basically the same thing.

The students today are still fighting for the very real, very concrete things that we were asking for.

SCHWARTZ: The basics of what we were talking about are still extremely valid; there's no vain illusion in hoping for a just society. But it was how we went about trying to reach that goal that became the main thing, even though perhaps at that time it didn't seem to be the main thing.

Julie and I disagree strongly on that. She's still at the Student Mobilization Committee, which does exactly the same kind of thing it did two years ago. Since then I've turned more passive and find absolutely nothing in mass movements. I want to get involved on a much deeper intellectual level, instead of just having a convention and calling for a rally and creating these artificial things—like we have to work toward "April 22." What does that mean? You'd have another day in Central Park, where there would be a lot of people.

REEVES: I don't think we made any substantive change in the system at all. We did change a couple of minds, and a couple of students were influenced or their parents became more aware. But in terms of achieving the goals that we set out to achieve—to make things better in the schools or to change programs—I don't think we had the power to effect those changes. We were engaged in a confrontation, and we lost. We were repressed, and that was the end of it. I wouldn't think that what we did was a futile thing. It's something that should have been continued. It's just unfortunate that the people who at the time happened to be leading the struggles—Arthur, Julie, and others—graduated. It is really up to those students who are there now to realize the importance, not of what we were doing, but of their situation, and to work from that point.

SIMON: I disagree completely. *Now* when high school students in New York City public high schools continue to fight for their rights, they can go to court, and they can win. And they've done it! When we first started going to court, we couldn't win because we didn't have enough legal precedent on our side. But the high school students in New York won some very important cases after we left, on the basis of the bill of rights that we got the Board of Education to agree on.

George H. Strauss has taught political science at City College and is completing a book called *The Protest Generation: Political Disenchantment and Activism Among American High School Students.*

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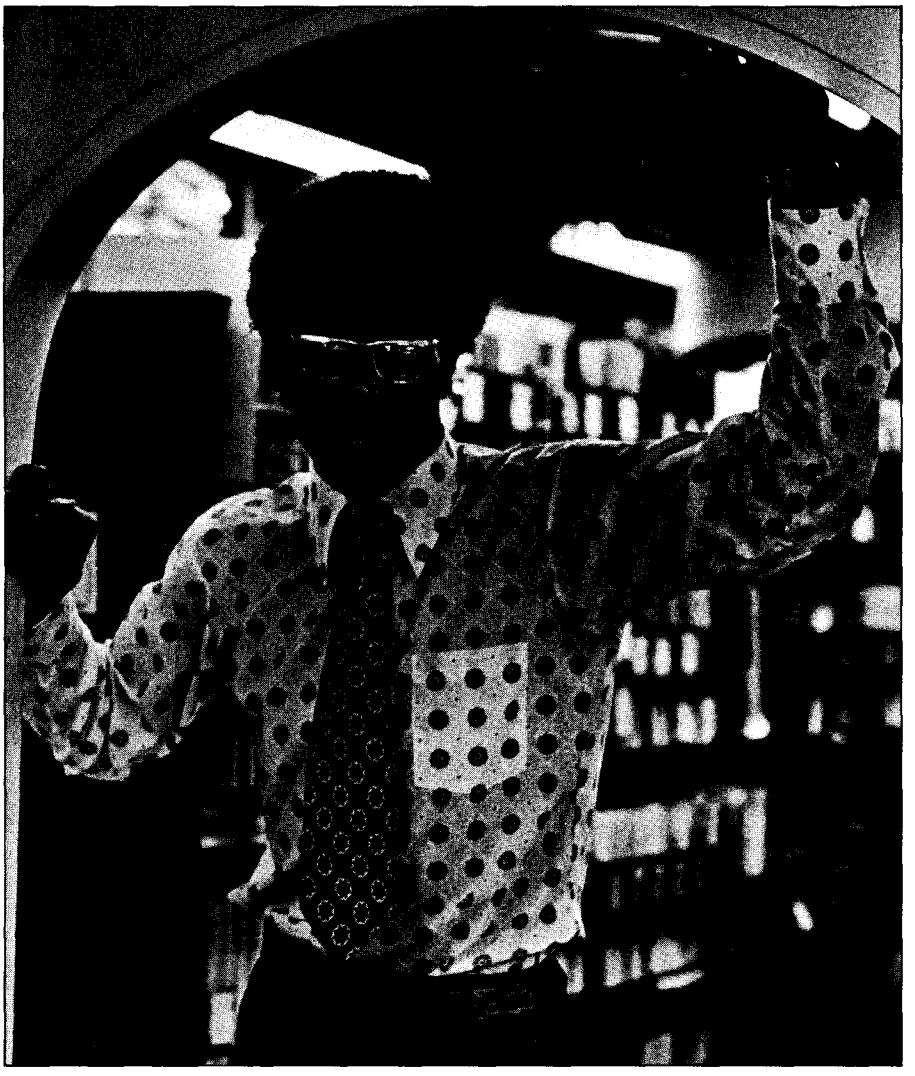

Donald Reeves, former head of New York's High School Student Rights Coalition: "We were engaged in confrontation, and we lost." Now at Cornell University.

REEVES: What I was talking about was making substantive progress. I think one of our failings when we were in high school was believing that when administrators and bureaucrats made concessions it almost always meant recognition of the fact that we were complaining about a problem, or a response to something that we did. But the substantive progress I'm talking about is when it is no longer arbitrary on their part. It's still left up to them to recognize the problem.

SCHWARTZ: I don't think that as far as the superstructure, the rules, and the regulations go—how the principals rule and how the students are supposed to operate in the schools—it has changed at all. Principals operate in a world outside of legalities. I think the only way change is going to come is if the students begin to ignore a system that has absolutely no validity for them at all. And I think this is what *is* happening—at least in the schools that I've seen. Of course, the other trend is that students will just ignore the schools totally and not even take part in the educational process.

SIMON: I think that's the one thing we did—it's no longer up to the Board of Education. They know that if they stop recognizing the problems, there are going to be thousands upon thousands of high school students in the streets like there were before. I do not believe that they gave us those rights because we sat down with them at the Hilton that day and called up room service and ordered all kinds of neat food. I don't think that they gave us our rights because they felt, "Oh, my goodness, these are nice little students, and they're going to go away next year, so we'll just give them what they want, and then, you know, we don't have to worry about it next year." They know that there'll be even more students outside the Board of Education, there'll be even more students in Central Park, if they try at any point not to give us the rights that we won.

REEVES: If you look at the position papers that Harvey Scribner [chancellor of the Board of Education] has issued, you'll find that the part where he says principals are no longer allowed to use anecdotal files against students comes directly out of the bill that students here wrote up. But what it looks like is that *he* is taking the initiative and that the students had nothing to do with it at all. I think that principals will continue to use these files anyway—they always have—and there's nothing to stop them.

Substantive progress will come only when students stop relying on the arbitrary good will of administrators.

It's also a delusion for us to say *at this time* that thousands upon thousands of students are going to be out in the streets demonstrating. The times have changed now, and attitudes have changed. The circumstances that made everything possible—the activism possible—have changed. What we have to look at is the circumstances of the last five years—the assassination of Kennedy, the assassination of King, the teachers' strike. All of those things happened in rapid succession, which made possible the volatile eruption that you had five years ago. And those circumstances are just not here now.

SIMON: I was recently going through back issues of a magazine called the *Young Socialist*. I picked up one from 1965, and on the cover was a black high school student like this [upraised clenched fist], and it said "High School Revolt." It was just, I mean—in 1965? We started it, didn't we? What is this? What are they doing in Detroit? But I read the article, and they had been doing in Detroit the same kinds of things we were—and we had an *incredible* sense that we were just absolutely unreal revolutionary innovators, that we were doing something high school students had never done before. It just wasn't true. It might have been so in New York, but it just blew my mind to read this article about Detroit in '65. It really happened before us, and it's happening still. We didn't start anything or end anything at all.

STRAUSS: Does anyone have any second thoughts about what he did two years ago—not so much in terms of goals that he was trying to accomplish, but perhaps tactics?

Robert Reiss, awaiting trial for refusing to register for the draft: "The student movement didn't really pass on a torch. It discovered a source of energy; we don't see the fires now, but they're undergound."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE MYERS

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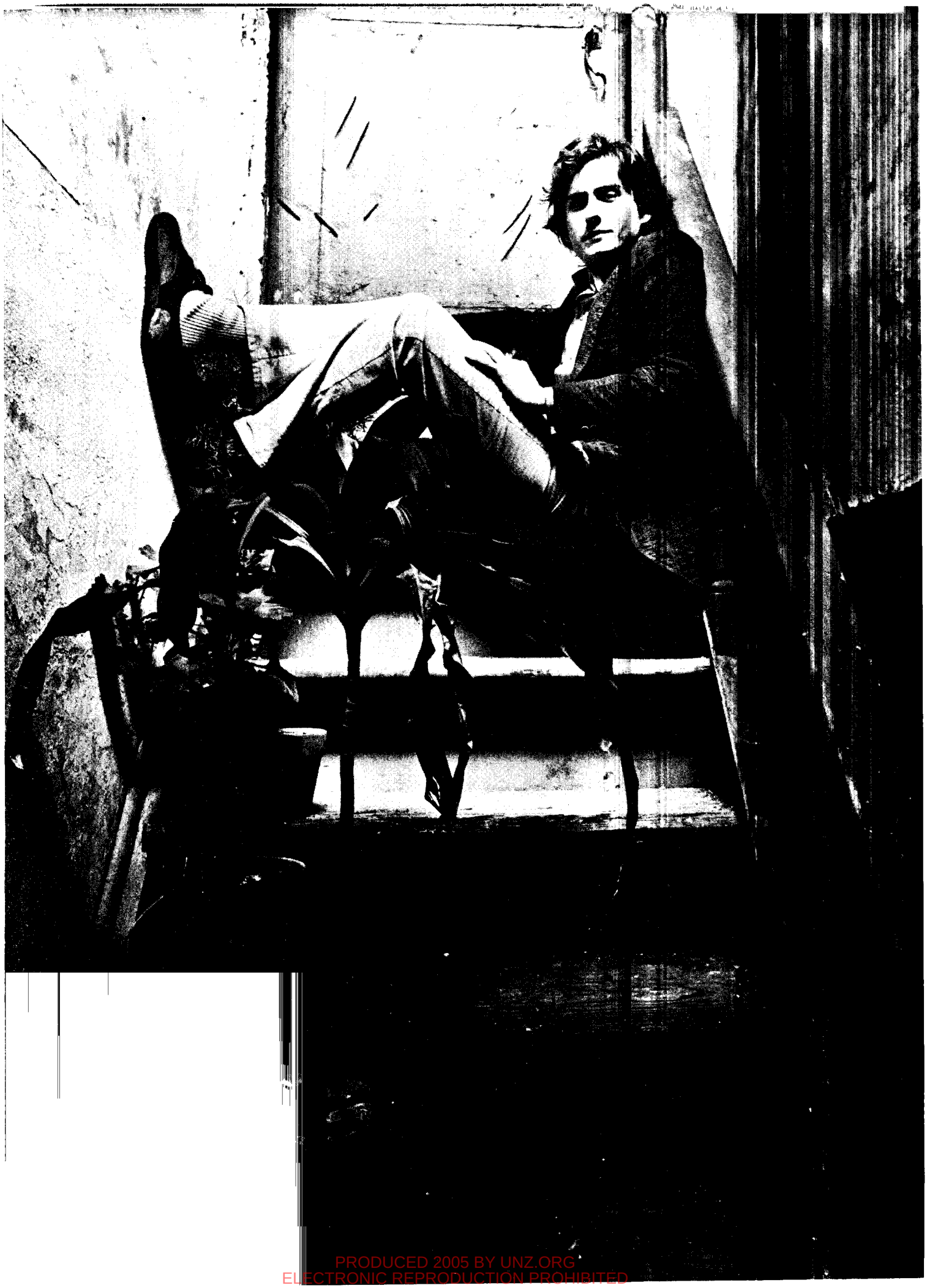

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"The sloganized concept of what a revolution is about swept up a lot of high school kids. We take off a day or two and tear down everything on that day, and then tomorrow or the next day we all go back—and that's it."

SCHWARTZ: I think that very often I set too many artificial goals for myself—like a rally. Not what we were doing, but how to get a rally to occur. My whole introduction to the antiwar movement was organizing a rally, and it was only after the rally that I finally thought out why I was against the war. Organizing something really large, getting interviewed in the newspapers—I was on a really big ego trip, and I learned how to use people to get various things I wanted. I used Don for some things; I don't even know if he knew. It was when I had to register for the draft that I really, really thought about tactics, and that was almost a year after I got out of high school.

REEVES: What I was trying to do—what I hoped for in the end—was to have enough students to go into the Board of Education and practically take it over, just seize it with some of the officials there. Where my hopes went off in the wrong direction was wanting to capitalize on the Moratorium supporters and other large bodies of people. When I look back on it, if I had just, say, even twenty solid people, people who weren't interested in just using other people in terms of building support for their own movements and people who through their own cynicism hindered the movement, then we probably could have gotten something done. When you look back, it kind of grates on your nerves to think that we were placing so much hope in a mass demonstration. I always wanted to have a massive and sustained demonstration—more or less like the teachers; when they go out on strike, they stay until it's all over. People go to jail. People suffer the consequences for it. The sloganized concept of what a revolution is all about is what swept up a lot of high school kids. You take off a day or two days, you know, and tear down everything on that day, and then tomorrow or the next day we all go back—and that's it.

STRAUSS: Do you think there was a certain lack of seriousness of purpose?

REEVES: There had to be, there had to be.

SCHWARTZ: We also had to avoid people who were on their own ego and power trips.

STRAUSS: How do you do that?

SIMON: That's just the point. We weren't making a revolution; we just didn't have the forces to make a total revolution. We had to work with the consciousness we had and the people we had available to us, and at that point all that was possible was to get people out for a day or two, or get them out for half a day, or even sometimes get them out just after school. That didn't mean that most of the students weren't behind us; it just meant that most of the students in the city weren't ready, and they're still not ready. We're just not in a prerevolutionary situation in this country. We're just *not*.

REEVES: We were confronting a monolithic power bloc, a bloc that had all the means of communication at its disposal and all the means of power at its disposal. What you had on the other hand was a fragmentation in the views of how we should go about confronting that monolithic bloc. We didn't only differ on views but had what you hear coming through now—the whole thing of ego trips. They would accuse me of it; I would accuse them of it.

SCHWARTZ: You got in the *New York Post* and the *New York Times*, and, therefore, you became a symbol of exactly what we wanted. When we had a press conference, you became the target of questioning. The press tried to get you to say exactly what they wanted you to say—they're always so manipulative. It made the people who were working "with you" resent you tremendously and work against you.

If you had sat down and talked with me, Don, about what you believed .... I don't think you respected me, and I was a fellow leader. You saw me as not really fitting into the scheme.

REEVES: That's not true. See, when it became obvious to me that certain people were trying to use me, then immediately I had to cut off my respect and openness with them.

REISS: If this is what happens to the leadership, of course the rank and file are going to get dejected and disgusted with any movement that is dependent upon leadership so prone to internecine squabbling.

STRAUSS: What were the personal roots of your activism in high school? For instance, what were your family backgrounds, politically speaking?

SIMON: I got into the antiwar movement because my parents were active in the civil rights movement. I was marching since as long as I can remember. An interesting thing happened, however, when I started to spend from two in the afternoon to ten at night working for SMC. My parents didn't like it at all. It became a real block, but I would do it anyway. I guess the roots are from my parents, but the fight when I was in high school was still an enormous one just to get them to let me do what I wanted.

REISS: I was involved within my school in student rights as well as the antiwar movement. In both cases the link was to when I was little, to the awareness of the civil rights movement. King was the figure that I became interested in. I wanted to find out what he was about. So I read articles, and in the *Times*, of course, they'd leave the substance of his beliefs to the very last paragraphs—and those were the ones that usually perplexed me. His talk about nonviolence, and the full ramifications of that—*not* just as a tactic.

SCHWARTZ: My father was extremely against my activism. When I was in high school politics, that was fine with him because it looked good on my record. But when I was asked to be high school coordinator for the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, he left work early one day to go down to the Moratorium Committee to tell them to leave me alone—except that he couldn't find it, which was a good thing. At the height of my passion, after Kent State, I almost left home because my father said he was going to lock me in the house if I went out. We argued all night about that. He was something I continually had to struggle against.

REEVES: I just got involved over very trivial issues in school—I wanted to get uniforms for the track team, and one thing led to another.

STRAUSS: I'd like to ask each of you what you're doing now politically, or what you're not doing.

REISS: I was recently indicted by a New York federal grand jury for refusing to register for the draft. I suppose I could either go underground or I could leave the country. But I must say, frankly, that the social struggles in America represent the authentic tradition of America, and I can't participate from abroad; at least I don't think I can. Being underground may give me the emotional quality of being more deeply involved in struggle, but I think you're isolated from any areas that you might be effective in.

STRAUSS: Are you involved in organizing against the draft?

REISS: Just on a one-to-one basis. I work for the Village Peace Center once or twice a week and talk to people who are considering not registering. I go to rallies and have been arrested. I'm sort of a radical-at-large now.

STRAUSS: Arthur, you mentioned that

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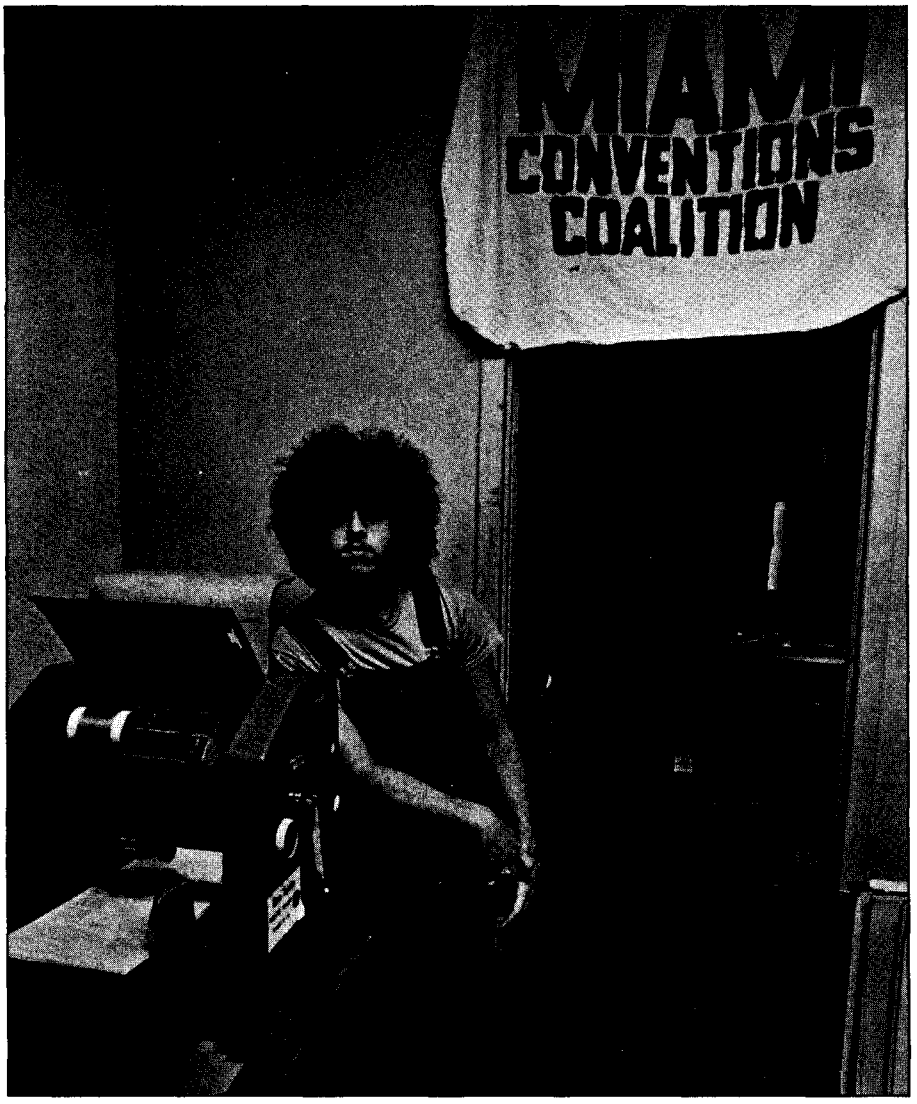

Arthur Schwartz, self-confessed organization man, drafter of a student bill of rights, and coordinator of the Vietnam Moratorium while at Bronx High School of Science: "I don't think we caused change. We were part of a change in attitude that continues." Now at Columbia University.

after you left high school, you kind of dropped out. Why did you leave the antiwar movement?

SCHWARTZ: Emotionally drained, plus a girl friend. I got very involved in personal affairs and didn't see very much substance left in the antiwar movement. I graduated from high school, and it all occurred around the same time. I moved in the direction of pacifism, because of thinking about what I do with my own life. There wasn't really that much going on at Columbia that I wanted to step into until the strikes this spring. I didn't really want to get into organizing, per se. I felt I'd love to get into a group of people who were working in a particular direction, and at that point I felt I was at a stage where I had a lot of growing up to do. The important thing for me was to meet people on the individual level. That was why I was able to get into the strike. We were isolated from the rest of the student body, so we worked very closely together. I feel I got more out of it than anything I did in high school.

SIMON: I'm still involved in the Student Mobilization Committee. I'm coordinator of SMC at Columbia and participated in the disruptions last spring, too. Also some Women's Liberation work around New York City.

STRAUSS: Don, what have you been doing at Cornell? Are you involved in any kind of organization?

REEVES: No. . . . I'm trying to read a lot of things that will help me in understanding problems and in making whatever I have to say have more weight. The only kind of contact that I have with organizations is primarily looking at what's going on.

I don't believe that a lot of things that I see happening on campus are the right things that we should be doing, and so I write articles to that effect. I talk. I've been invited to a few classes at Cornell's African Center. But I'm not involved in any sustained way in any type of politics at Cornell. I don't think I'll ever again get involved in the politics of any one school.

STRAUSS: Do you think that the torch that was lit in the late 1960s has been passed, or has the flame flickered and gone out?

REEVES: When I was there, the problems that I was facing were the most important thing in the world. Everything else started from that. When you get out of high school, it's like getting out of prison. You become exposed to other problems and find yourself in different situations. You could say that they're more important than the problems you left behind, but you didn't really leave anything behind. It's just that you're in a different setting.

SCHWARTZ: I don't think that we caused change. We were part of a change in attitude that continues. You know, we happened to be at a time in history. . . . We were just lucky to be in high school in 1969 and '70. I think if we had graduated a year earlier, it would have been somebody else.

I have a younger brother, and I know the kids are a lot more into drugs, and this is a way of covering up and ignoring the feeling that the institutions they're learning in are totally invalid. I think it'll mean eventually that maybe they won't even be able to operate the white, middle-class high schools the way they would like to.

STRAUSS: Robert, do you have any contact with high school students or just a general impression as to what's happening today?

REISS: Well, I do. . . . In the school I went to they used to have a demonstration twice a week and on a decentralized basis. They'd do things all over the school en masse and manipulate the numbers so nobody could be picked out and be thrown out of school. But then there were a number of students who decided, "Well, what we need is leadership, and then we can *really* do something. We're doing this much now without leaders; imagine what we can do *with* them." So there was a sort of democratic, centralistic tribunal, and the next year there was no movement because people began to distrust the leaders. And this has continued this year.

The school has a new principal, and there is repression coming down hard against teachers, not to mention the students. If ever there was a time that students and teachers could join up, now would be the time because they're both being repressed.

I think, in terms of everything, the student movement didn't really light a candle or pass on a torch. I think it discovered a source of energy; maybe we don't see the fires now, but I think they're underground. □

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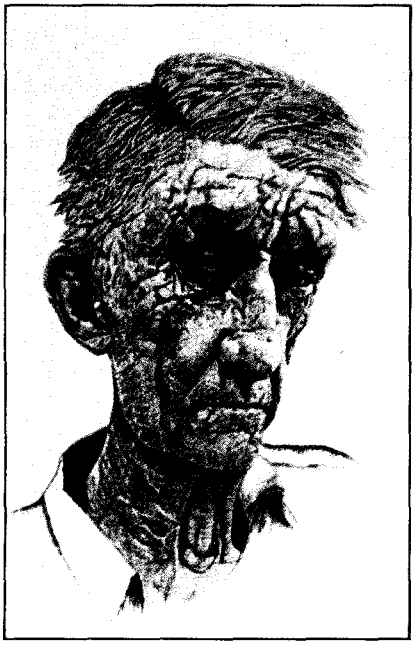
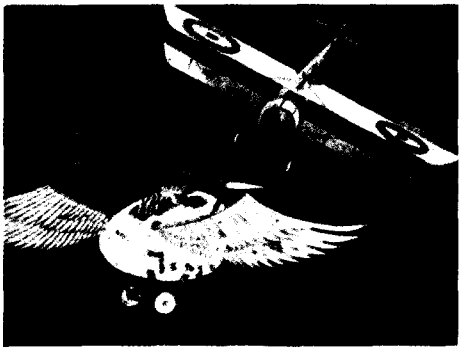
THEY'RE STRAIGHT AND THEY'RE GOOD

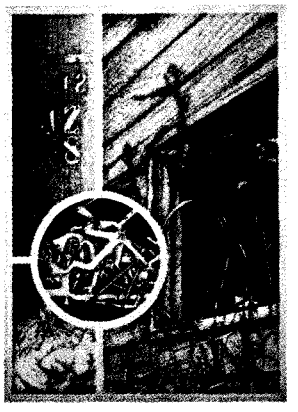
BY BARRY SCHWARTZ

The forty-fifth National High School Art Exhibition quietly slipped into New York City during the final days of the school year, and, before it closed, it generated considerably more excitement than most of its predecessors. Organized by Scholastic Magazines, Inc., and sponsored by numerous civic and business organizations, the show differed in style and content from the usual fare of art exhibitions. This display of prize-winning art featured 475

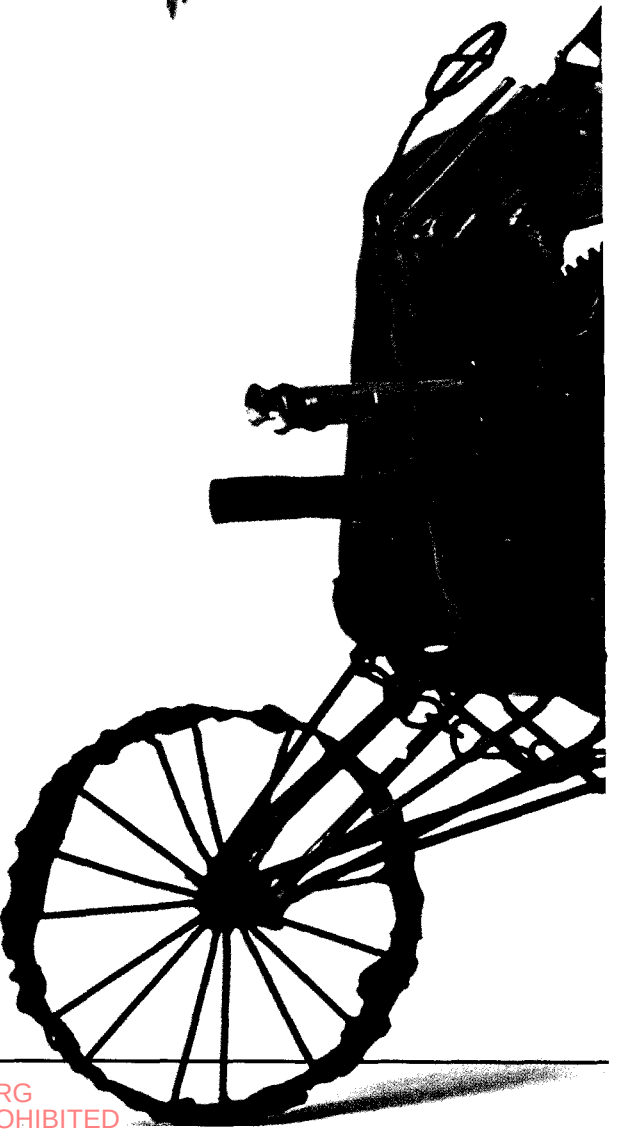




Left, "Seventy-Five," pencil drawing by Mary Kay Johnson, 17, Marian High School, Birmingham, Mich.; center, "The Flying Wonder," print by Mike Meredith, 15, Libertyville High Schc Libertyville, Ill.; right, applied textile design by Mary Fisher 18, Plainfield High School, Plainfield, Ind.



Left, mixed media by Douglas Nettke, 16, Lahser High School, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.; above, "Quarto en Uno," ink drawing by Bill Welch, 16, Spartanburg High School, Spartanburg, S.C.



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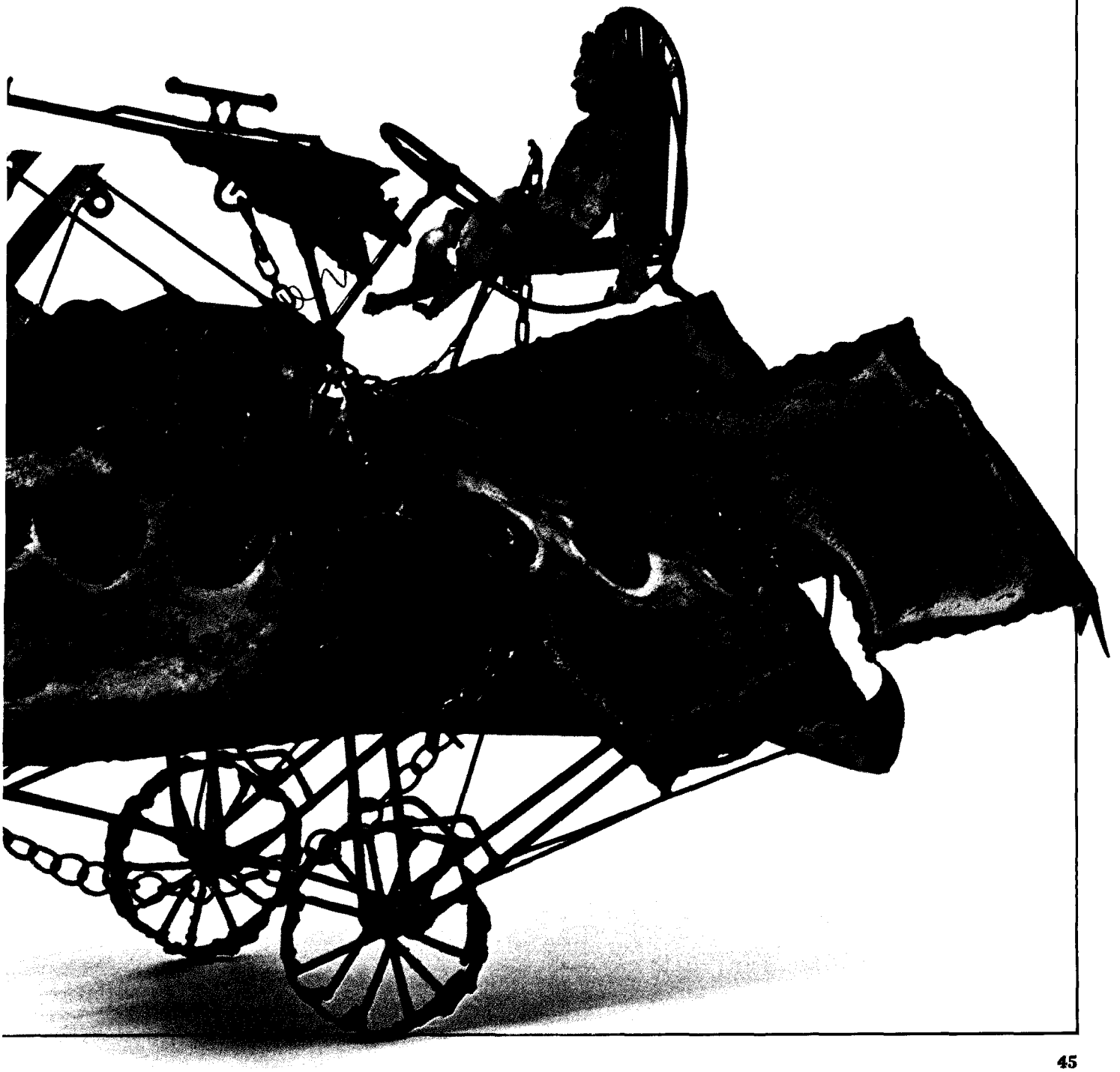
works created by high school students from across the country; it was one of the largest group shows held in New York City. The location was not Soho; it was the second floor of the Union Carbide building (one floor above the thirty-fourth Annual High School Science Exhibition). A good number of the most prominent people in the arts were not in attendance. It was, after all, student work, and as the misconception goes, student work, especially high school student work, is expected to be parochial, ill-informed, professionally embarrassing, but, of course, terribly sincere. As such, the stereotype proved worthless.

It was on all counts an excellent show. Though the youth of the artists is biographically interesting, the show itself stood its ground and needed no apology for innocence. While some of the prints, drawings, watercolors, and mixed media were whimsical and eclectic, most of the works dealt seriously with subject matter and collectively affirmed the importance of content. The entries, for the most part, were representational, filled with im-

Barry Schwartz, faculty member at New York City Community College and acting director of the Center for the Study of Social Change, last year conducted a study of "The Art World in Transition" for the Archives of American Art. His latest book is *Affirmative Education* (Prentice-Hall).

"War Machine," sculpture by Martin Robinson, 17, Brookfield East High School, Brookfield, Wis.



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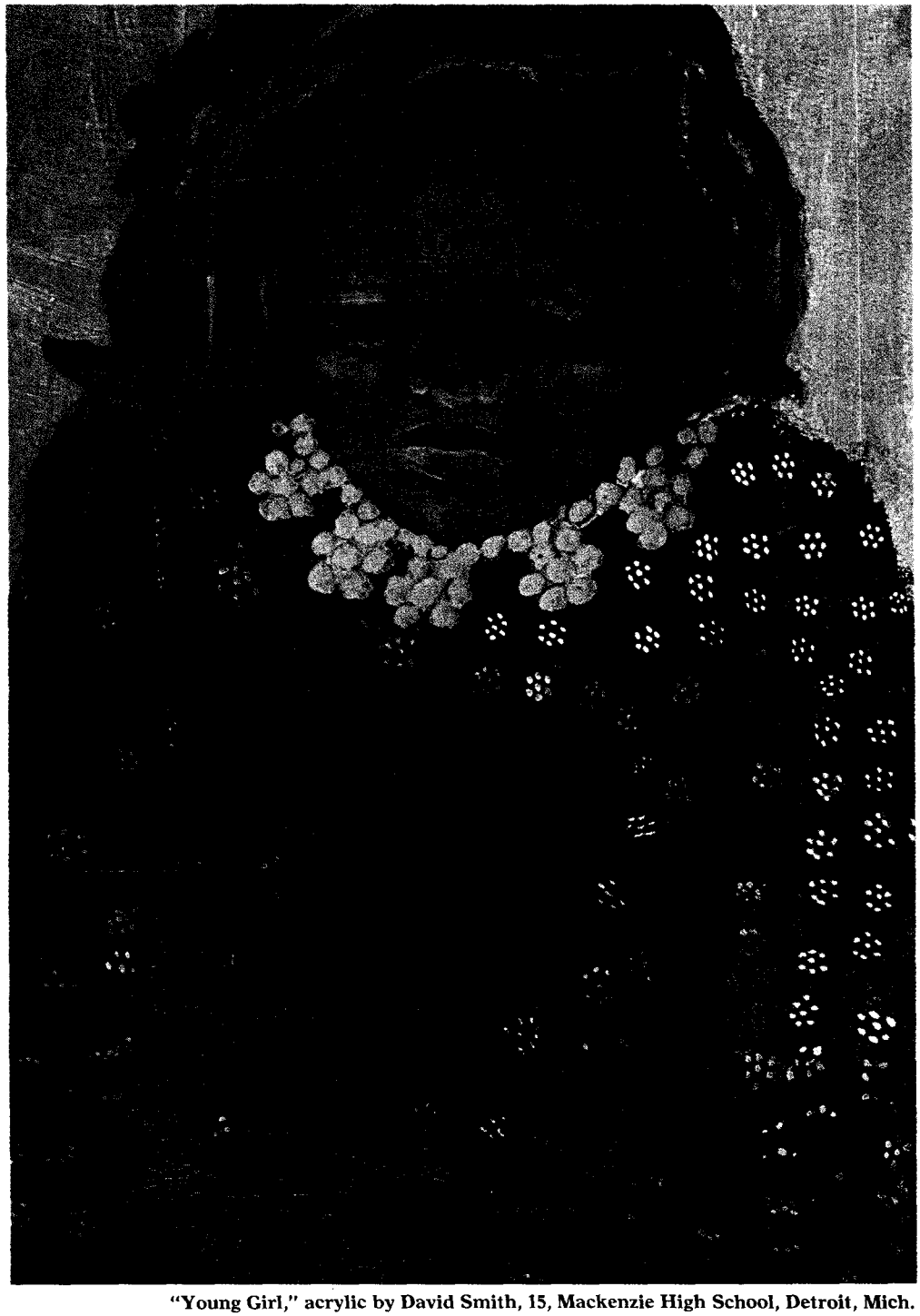
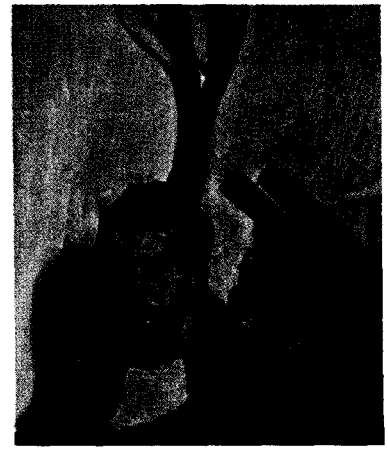
ages taken from those experiences familiar to young adults. None could be said to have the hidden, ethereal, sentimental qualities that many believe characterize student artwork.

The art on display was not preoccupied with the disjunctions of the Sixties. There was no chaotic search for identity, no Day-Glo electric psychedelia, and only rare use of collage and other techniques that effectively convey the fragmentary nature of our existence. Instead, one saw a concern for external realities, a return to connective experience that could be characterized as a quest for community. These young artists fashioned their work out of the universal events and situations of adolescence. When the artists turned reflective, the images became solemn. But nowhere did one see the flight to decoration or the lethargy of despair so pervasive among their older and presumably wiser colleagues.

The most obvious strength of the exhibition was the superior technique and craft everywhere in view. No works pushed against the existing limits of traditional art forms. I saw almost no concern with formal innovation, invention, or avant-gardist attempts to discover new ways of making art. Instead, the artists seemed determined to get the most out of the traditional disciplines of print making, painting, drawing, and design by an



"Young Girl," acrylic by David Smith, 15, Mackenzie High School, Detroit, Mich.



Top, "Evening Interior," oil by Lawrence Hill, 17, John Jay High School, Brooklyn, N.Y.; above, "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Men," mixed media collage by Deanne Farkas, 17, Edgewater High School, Orlando, Fla.

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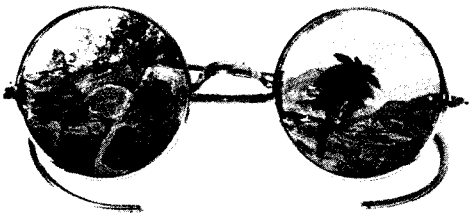
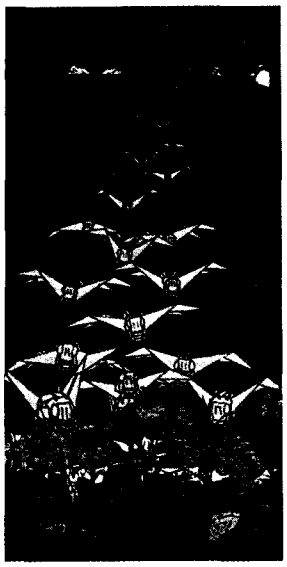
exemplary demonstration of technique in the integration of form and content.

On hand also were some of the 300 photographs from a related exhibition of student work. These pictures were technically superior, varied, and unusual. In each case, whether capturing people on the street, in the subway, or on the beach, they served as visual metaphors for contemporary urban experiences. Among the drawings, "Seventy-Five" by Mary Kay Johnson, a seventeen-year-old at Marian High School in Birmingham, Michigan, was excellent and typical of the strength and emphatic qualities found among the drawings generally. Deanne Farkas of Edgewater High School in Orlando, Florida, surely had one of the strongest entries in the show with her "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Men." Typical of the many fine works in the print making category was "Window on Nothingness," an intriguing and well-executed

I think that this exhibition will be heralded by those who believe that the arts are making significant inroads into education.





Above, "Spectacles," three-dimensional design by Sally Sanford, 17, DeRuyter Central High School, DeRuyter, N.Y.; left, graphic design by David Renfro, 17, Colonel White High School, Dayton, Ohio.

"Omega Man," sculpture by Rick Doering, 16, Forest View High School, Arlington Heights, Ill.

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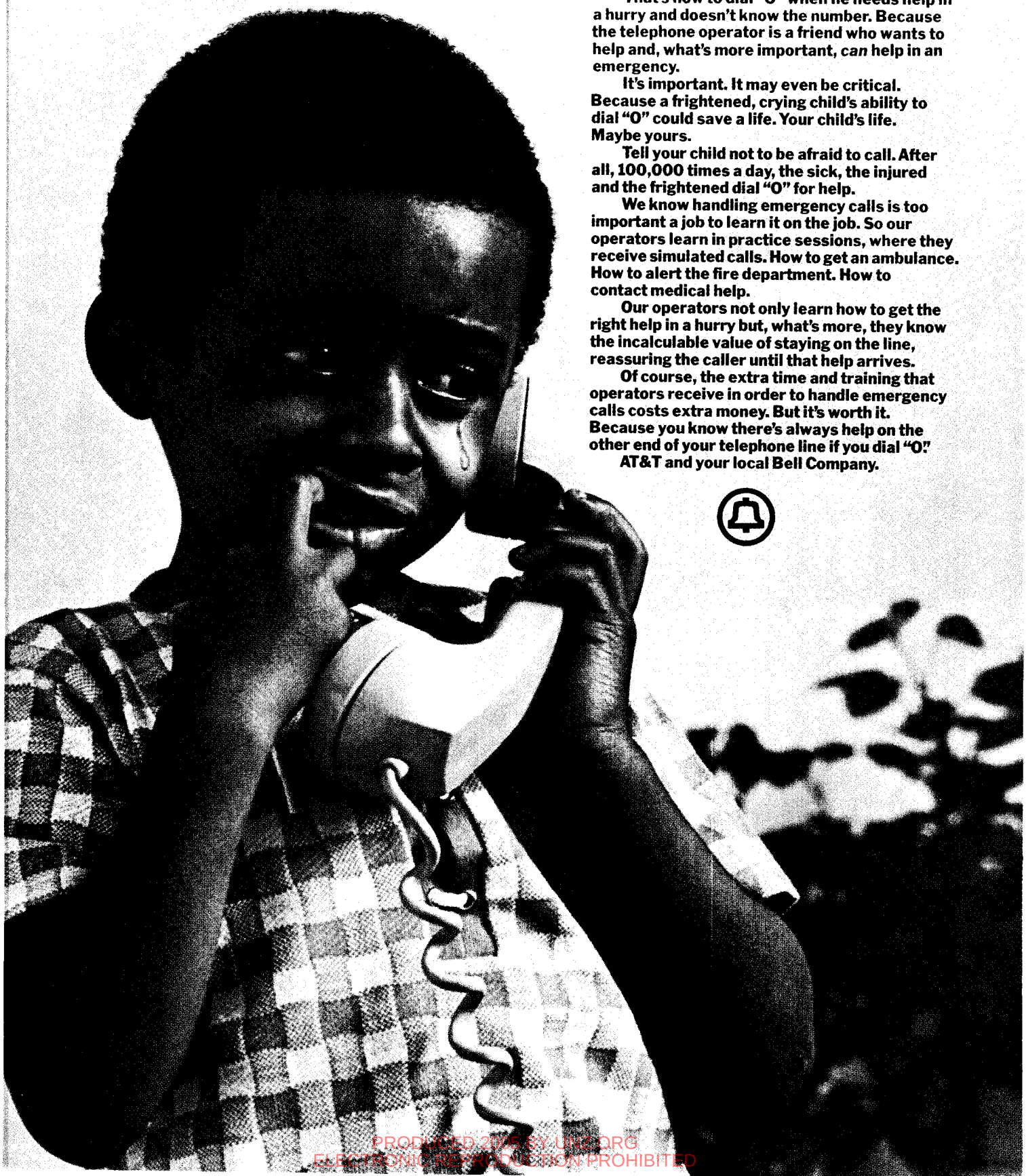
Teach him to dial "O" and he'll always have a friend.



Of all the important things your child should learn, there's one he should learn right away.

That's how to dial "O" when he needs help in a hurry and doesn't know the number. Because the telephone operator is a friend who wants to help and, what's more important, *can* help in an emergency.

It's important. It may even be critical. Because a frightened, crying child's ability to dial "O" could save a life. Your child's life. Maybe yours.

Tell your child not to be afraid to call. After all, 100,000 times a day, the sick, the injured and the frightened dial "O" for help.

We know handling emergency calls is too important a job to learn it on the job. So our operators learn in practice sessions, where they receive simulated calls. How to get an ambulance. How to alert the fire department. How to contact medical help.

Our operators not only learn how to get the right help in a hurry but, what's more, they know the incalculable value of staying on the line, reassuring the caller until that help arrives.

Of course, the extra time and training that operators receive in order to handle emergency calls costs extra money. But it's worth it. Because you know there's always help on the other end of your telephone line if you dial "O."

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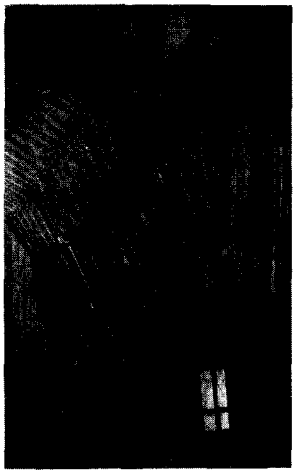

Above, "Window on Nothingness," print by Jim Luedeman, 16, Nicolet High School, Milwaukee, Wis.; right, ink drawing by Trudy Kastens, 17, John Hersey High School, Arlington Heights, Ill.

print by Jim Luedeman, a student at Nicolet High School in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Likewise, "Trash," an opaque watercolor by Larry Bunton of Carmel High School for Boys in Mundelein, Illinois, and the mixed media of Sandy Hausner, a student at Proviso West High in Hillside, Illinois, were impressive. I also saw imaginative jewelry, textile designs, macramé and other crafts, and pottery. The sculpture in the show seemed less exciting than other art forms, perhaps a result of the inability of school programs to offer space and facilities in this area. The lettering works, adjacent to more ambitious pieces, struck one as awkwardly displayed, and the fashion design seemed weak and somewhat misplaced. Yet, whatever the media employed, one could see care and good judgment in craft and technique everywhere. As usual, Scholastic will make film strips of selected entries available to teachers.

Though work came from all across the nation, clearly there were pockets of preference. The organizers conceded that some of the twenty-two judges might be partial to work originating in their locale. I also saw few works employing political imagery or social concerns, and I wondered if this represented a lack of interest on the part of student artists or on the part of the judges. Finally, I think that technique and skill measured highest among the criteria by which works were selected. I wondered if many works possessing very original treatments of subject matter might have been deemed less important than works that were more gracefully executed.

But, given the quality of the work, my criticisms amount to nit picking. A lot more than sincerity was seen at this exhibition. The young artists seemed ever-willing to express what they knew about urban and rural living, back yards, rooms, people on the street, their friends, and often themselves. It was a more giving show than one generally sees at the galleries.

I think this exhibition will be heralded by those who believe that the arts are making significant inroads into education. They will point to the enlarged investment in art education and will see the quality of this exhibition as the first results of their effort. Others will vent their frustrations over the marginal role assigned art in the educational process by accounting for the excellence of these works in spite of the schools, not because of them. In this respect, the exhibition raised many more questions than it answered.

Clearly, there have been growing efforts of late to infuse education with the arts. To date, however, the genuine programs remain relatively few in number, though the rhetoric has been morally uplifting. Unfortunately, this forty-fifth national exhibition of student works told us little about the changing nature of art education. Much of the work had its origins in such schools as Detroit's Cass Technical, New York's Music and Art, and Terre Haute's ISU Laboratory High —schools that have had a long-standing commitment to the arts. The relationship between art and education will only be determined by monitoring their dual processes and examining where, in fact, they overlap or are mutually incorporated. But the products of art, the works shown here, tell us very little about the processes by which they were achieved. Did these works emerge from a broad-based transformation of the sterile, technical, course-oriented curriculum into a study program that fostered creativity and independent judgment; or are they the results of high-powered art programs that are the exception to the rule? It is impossible to say at this time. It might be worthwhile following up on these young people as they continue on the education track. Some seventy-three of the artists in the show are scholarship winners destined for four years of "professional" art training. Observing the developing careers of these artists might lead to some conclusions about the impact of schools on creative young people.

If the exhibition did not tell us the value of recent efforts to integrate artistic experience into the formal curriculum of secondary schools, it did inspire renewed dedication to this goal. The young people exhibited here have made superbly clear the value of affective self-expression. We can take pleasure in the apparent fact that a number of young people are increasingly able to acquire, in their communities, in their homes, and in their schools, technical proficiency in the visual arts early in their lives. Their achievement enriches the argument that the arts should be available—not as classes, but as modes of perception and experience—to every young person.

The arts teach us self-worth, a compelling sense of our own creative abilities. This is what those who seek art-in-education believe. It is a vision that this unassuming exhibition did much to enhance. □

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The "jury" of parents and teachers assembles with the eighth-grade students who completed two years of school in a one-year program.

INNOVATION IS TRADITION IN WEST HARLEM

BY HENRY S. RESNIK
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM KARALES

Nine eighth-graders waited nervously outside the principal's office at Junior High School 43, in Manhattan's West Harlem. The girls, six of them, were seated on a wooden bench and almost visibly trembling. The three boys paced up and down or wandered occasionally into the hall, then back. It was near 10 o'clock, the principal was late, and the small group clearly wanted very much to conclude this visit.

The principal, George Manley, a warm and patient black man who took charge of 43 in the middle of the 1970/71 school year, was delayed because he was busy dealing with the week's prize crisis: The nineteen-year-old sister of one of his students had died of a drug overdose a couple of days earlier. Right now the principal was meeting with representatives of the school's parents' association to discuss the matter. It was the sort of thing that could seriously depress the morale of a school where, in the words of one teacher, "the usual problems" had begun to make the faculty increasingly uptight, increasingly insistent on order and discipline.

But the nine eighth-graders, all either black or Spanish-American, happened not to be discipline problems, even though that is usually the only reason kids in this sort of school get to see the principal. They were waiting instead to talk with Manley and a group of parents and teachers about redressing certain fundamental wrongs. They were fighting back, but they were nervous. They'd never tried this kind of thing before.

Their fight had started with two eighth-grade teachers, Charles and Gioia Shebar, who have been married for sixteen years and who have taught for most of that time. With the principal's support, the Shebars' classes comprised a quasi minischool with fifty-nine students in which they had virtual carte blanche to make of the school day whatever they wanted. What they particularly wanted was what they found the parents of their students wanted: the kind of solid background in basic skills without which no student ever has a chance at academic success.

The Shebars' style blends their nuts-and-bolts, system-beating determination with casual, easy warmth and a genuine respect for their students. Last year, in addition to studying basic skills, their kids built a huge gerbil farm in an old bookshelf. Art was a daily activity. And the relationship of teachers and students in their small community—literally off in a corner of the school—was intimate enough to resemble an encounter group.

It was this atmosphere that encouraged fourteen-year-old Renée Jones to approach the Shebars last October with the proposal that if she worked hard enough she might be allowed to make up for the year she'd been left back. Renée is an unusually tall, striking-looking black girl with a keen interest in fashion and enough drive for any two people. But she had failed first grade. Now, finally, she had found a place where she could express her wish to make up for her failure.

Her failure. It doesn't do to dwell on the phrase. When Renée and the Shebars finally recruited eight others from the class for their little program, the kids all realized that their reasons for being left back fell into two general categories: either they couldn't remember, or they had only recently arrived in the country and spoke no English. Most had failed very early grades. And now they were getting a chance to make up.

The mechanism they decided on was deceptively simple. First they discussed their idea with the principal and got his approval. Then they consulted the assistant principal in charge of the ninth grade and learned exactly what they would have to do to meet criteria commensurate with the ninth-grade curriculum. And finally they set up an independent program aimed at completing both the eighth and ninth grades in one year. This involved several hours of extra work each week after school, work sessions on Saturdays at the Shebars' home (the two teachers volunteered their time), special assignments, drill work, and the compiling of a portfolio of tests, essays, and other papers. Most of the kids also read books on Africa and studied map-making skills. No fancy "innovations," no special technical wizardry, no untried miracle cures. In fact, this rather daring and unusual educational experiment really meant more of the same kinds of work—but in more intensive doses.

Belkis Suero, for example, wrote a report on Latin America, a subject that would ordinarily have been studied in ninth grade. José Rivera did pages of drawings and diagrams in connection with his study of the human body. Gwen James wrote a series of poems. Most of the actual work was done at home, leaving the afternoon and Saturday sessions free for planning and review.

The Shebars believe that "teaching and judgment" should be distinct from each other, and at their suggestion the eighth-graders invited a special panel to review their work and to decide whether they had earned the right to proceed to work on the ninth-grade level and thence to the tenth grade.

The panel consisted of Erwin Rosenfeld, the ninth-grade assistant principal; Maude Katz, the president of the parents' association; Luz Caban, whose daughter, Juana, was one of the group; and Principal Manley.

And so after several months of work the nine eighth-graders had arrived at the day when they would make their first presentation to the panel. The girls were dressed in their best—Renée, the leader, resplendent in a luminous orange blouse and black pants. The boys looked as if they were ready for church. And all of them carried large manila portfolios containing the papers they'd brought for the panel to examine. It seemed a little like taking orals in graduate school.

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Gioia Shebar (above) works with students in a special tutorial aimed at developing basic skills. Charles Shebar offers help with a math problem. Many of the students had "failed" first grade.

At last the principal was ready to see them. The group filed into the office and took seats at a large rectangular table. Dittoed sheets for each student listing the contents of each portfolio and the hours of extra work done were distributed to the panel members. (The sheets also included space for the panel members to record their decisions.) After much nervous giggling, everyone was finally ready.

"First of all, welcome," Mr. Manley began. His voice had the mellifluous tones of a minister—but a friendly minister, the sort one might want to chat with after the service. "Mrs. Katz, Mr. Rosenthal, and I are very pleased to greet you this morning and to say how pleased we are with the whole procedure. We in the older generation have been telling you, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' We hope you'll always continue pushing ahead."

Gioia Shebar proceeded to explain, casually mixing in fluent Spanish for

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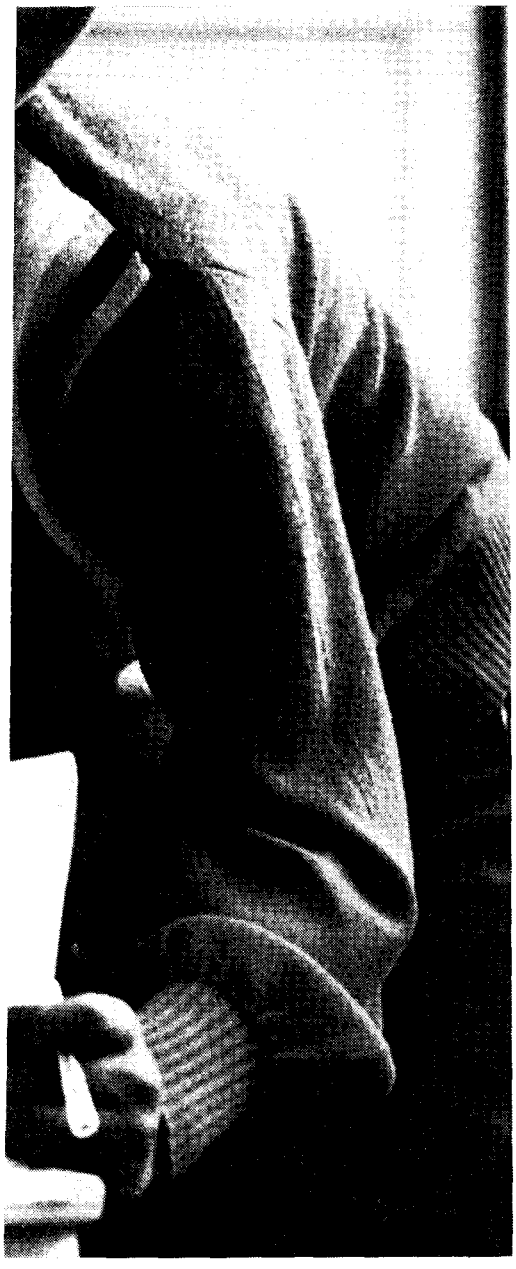

The Shebars' classroom is a warm and friendly place where students feel free to be themselves even when doing drill. The Shebars believe that play should be as important as work in the weekly curriculum. Bottom pictures show a Friday away from school in Central Park.

the benefit of the one parent who spoke little English, that the group had asked her to say a few words before they began—that they had all been held back once, that they had written when and why on their individual dittoed sheets, and that if they were judged able to do ninth-grade work they would remain with the Shebars and be allowed to take ninth-grade tests "and other atrocities" and then take tests for entrance to high school. "Charles and I will not give an opinion," Gioia said. "And the judgment is not whether they will go to the tenth grade but whether they will be allowed to do ninth-grade work."

"Last fall I went to Mr. Shebar and asked if I could go to the ninth grade," Renée told the panel. "We have all done work at home, and we've done work on Saturdays, too. We feel that some of our group is better than the ninth-graders now." Then Renée proceeded to introduce Sondra Collier, the first of the eighth-graders to make her formal presentation.

Throughout the next hour the tone of the meeting was somewhat less formal than that of an inquisition. What had they done for extra work? the panelists asked. What books had they read recently? Why did they choose the particular high schools they'd listed on their dittoed sheets? "I read a book that Mrs. Shebar gave me," one of the boys answered at one point. "I got to page eighty, but it was a hard book."

And when one girl with an excellent record said she wanted to be a nurse, the principal countered with, "Why be satisfied with just being the assistant? Why not be the doctor?"

Finally the session was over, but the tension of that meeting lingered for almost two weeks as the principal of 43 became increasingly preoccupied with "the usual problems" and found that he had little time to make a thorough examination of the bulging folders. When he did get around to looking at them, however, he found that some bulged more than others. The Shebars had deliberately refrained from pushing their students. A few had done very little; others had submitted pounds of paper. "They had been very severely turned off to what had been happening to them in schools," Charles Shebar observed after the first meeting with the panel. "Some of them weren't achieving at all. Originally, we saw the program as a motivational device to see whether they could handle the whole thing themselves. One boy in particular did almost no work. I reminded him of it fairly often; he thought I was going to say something at the meeting of the panel. But I told him that we weren't going to say a thing, that it was up to him. Toward the end he started to understand. He suddenly began to do good work. Some worked very steadily throughout—especially the girls."

On Saturdays the special eighth-grade group meets for extra work sessions in the Shebars' apartment a few blocks from the school.

Among other extra work the principal found when he had an opportunity to examine the folders were the students' "autobiographies." "I like to debate with two older teen-aged girls about the revolution," one of the girls wrote. "I learn a lot that will help me when I'm older from them."

"I pray God will help me to college," wrote another. And another: "I hope that one of these days this beautiful country would be a country of LOVE and peace."

Finally, about two weeks after the first session with the panel, the eighth-grade group reassembled once again in the principal's office to hear the verdict. This time the kids were dressed in ordinary school clothes, but they seemed more nervous than before. "The panel and I have considered everything that you did," Mr. Manley told them. "We considered the work in the folders and the manner in which you responded during the interview. We want to say how much we appreciate the effort put forth by the majority of you. However, as you can see, not everybody put forth the same amount of effort." And then briefly the principal returned each student's dittoed sheet and folder with a brief comment on how he or she had done. Seven of the nine were passed to the ninth grade without qualification. The remaining two were still expected to complete more work. "But," Mr. Manley said, "clearly there's still hope. There has been no out-and-out disapproval."

As the kids filed out of the office, even the ones who weren't smiling seemed satisfied. Their expressions seemed to say that justice had indeed been done. □

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Decisions for War

BY JONATHAN MIRSKY

PAPERS ON THE WAR
by Daniel Ellsberg
Simon and Schuster, 309 pp., $7.95

FIRE IN THE LAKE:
The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam
by Frances FitzGerald
Atlantic–Little, Brown, 491 pp., $12.50

Most of you know what it means when 100 corpses lie there, or when 500 corpses lie there, or when 1,000 corpses lie there. To have gone through this and—apart from a few exceptions caused by human weakness—to have remained decent, that has made us great.
Heinrich Himmler to SS officers, October 1943.

[Johnson's] principal advisers were, almost uniformly, those considered when they took office to be among the ablest, the best, the most humane and liberal men that could be found for public trust.
Townsend Hooper, ex-Assistant Secretary of the Air Force, December 1969.

One evening, millions of bombs ago, Noam Chomsky, Gabriel Kolko, and I were about to go on TV in New York City to debate some hawks. Just before the program began, Chomsky and Kolko encountered Daniel Ellsberg in the street; hearing what they were going to do, he asked to participate. Very impressed, they told me that an ex-Defense Department principal assistant wanted to appear on the air and tell all. Since my experience with such figures in the past, whether from the Kennedy or Johnson regimes, usually consisted of listening to avowals of long-time opposition to the war within the government, I looked forward to the evening with meager enthusiasm. By the time the program was half over and Ellsberg had done everything but give the combination to the White House safe, one of us leaned over during a break and assured him he'd done enough. We underestimated him.

Shortly before the TV episode Ellsberg had been invited to a congressional conference on "War Crimes and the American Conscience." Still wrestling with *his* conscience and hopeful that Senator Fulbright would hold hearings on the Pentagon Papers, he had not yet released them to the press. But he knew that twelve million tons of explosives had fallen on the people of Indochina. "On the second day of the conference, I looked around a very large seminar table of participants . . . and it came to me that I was the only person present who was a potential defendant in a war crimes trial." In these essays, all written before June 13, 1971, the day he finally gave the Pentagon Papers to the press, Ellsberg opens to us his conscience and his mind.

Although not all potential criminal defendants end up at such a conference, much less in the witness box, Ellsberg's career—Marine Corps, Defense Department, State Department, Vietnam, Rand Corporation, Henry Kissinger—led him inexorably to July 10, 1972, and the Los Angeles Federal Court. The emotional ordeal that he brilliantly and—far more rare—honestly discloses in his opening and closing selection, did not climax with a sudden epiphany. Ellsberg's turnabout on the war took years. "The process of reaching these conclusions was, quite simply, the most frustrating, disappointing, disillusioning period of my life. I had come to Vietnam [1965–67] to learn, but also to help us succeed; and the learning was as bitter as the failure."

In 1968 Ellsberg flew to New York with two Rand colleagues and presented Henry Kissinger with a list of "policy options" for the President-elect. One of the options (then not supported by Ellsberg) was "a U.S. commitment to total, unilateral withdrawal by a fixed date. . . ." One of Kissinger's military aides "disdained even to comment on this one option and *at Kissinger's request it was omitted entirely from the second, edited draft that went to the National Security Council.*" [Emphasis added.]

January 1969 saw Ellsberg drafting a set of questions for Kissinger, who sent them, as "National Security Study Memorandum No. 1," to every agency concerned with Vietnam; in February Ellsberg read and summarized the answers for now-President Nixon. "No previous President dealing with Vietnam had been exposed to such comprehensive evidence of the contradictory and uncertain positions, and the limit and frailty of knowledge and hopes within his bureaucracy." Ellsberg was still grappling with the old temptation and seduction of bright young *apparatchki*: "helping the President to be better informed . . . seemed, simply, the most effective service one could perform as an applied researcher working for one's country. . . ." And therefore ". . . the question 'How *could* we have won in Vietnam?' still held an intellectual attraction for me. . . ."

By August the foundation of faith and bureaucratic loyalty had crumbled away beneath Ellsberg's feet. He read every word of the Pentagon Papers (Kissinger refused to do even a cursory job), Noam Chomsky's *American Power and the New Mandarins*, and some standard works on the war (". . . there has never been an official of Deputy Assistant Secretary rank or higher—including myself—who could have passed in office a mid-term freshman exam in modern Vietnamese history"). Finally Ellsberg met some individuals, ". . . Americans who were on their way to prison for refusing to collaborate in an unjust war" and these personal acts of 'witness' gave me what reading could not." (This works both ways. I read *Papers on the War* while I was in prison for disrupting the draft, and it gave *me* strength.)

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So Ellsberg, in finding out about himself, found out something about his masters:

> There was a whole set of what amounted to institutional "anti-learning" mechanisms working to preserve and guarantee unadaptive and unsuccessful behavior: the fast turnover in personnel; the lack of institutional memory at any level; the failure to study history, to analyze or even record operational experience or mistakes; the effective pressures for optimistically false reporting at every level, for describing "progress" rather than problems or failure, thus concealing the very need for change in approach or for learning.

When one has read the complete Pentagon Papers, as Ellsberg did, the illusion that what is needed is better information vanishes. Since the end of World War II the "intelligence community," various individuals, even the Defense Department, have furnished quantities of accurate, pessimistic information predicting disaster if our Vietnam involvement deepened. "To read the continuous record of intelligence assessments and forecasts for Vietnam from 1946 on was finally to lose the delusion that informing the President better is the key to ending the war—or to fulfilling one's responsibilities as a citizen."

Ellsberg found himself facing a terrible question: How was it that five Presidents, from Truman through Nixon, could ignore gloomy prognoses and estimates and, furthermore, unerringly select courses of action that, their advisers cautioned them, would lead to deeper and more unpleasant consequences?

"What the Pentagon Papers do demonstrate unequivocally is that Presidential decisions were not a simple result of accepting predictions and advice." The Presidents, their administrations, and their parties, asserts Ellsberg, have been guided since at least 1950 by two rules and a number of "powerful inhibitions." The rules are: 1) "Do not lose the rest of Vietnam to Communist control before the next election," and 2) "Do not commit U.S. ground troops to a land war in Asia, either."

Among the "inhibitions" Ellsberg lists: 1) *not* "proposing 'coalition' with Communists . . . ," 2) *not* "regarding Communist adversaries as anything but terrorists and aggressors . . . ," 3) "appearing to do nothing in face of any possible 'loss to Communism' . . . or failing to favor any 'cheap' action—with significant domestic support—that 'might' succeed."

Ellsberg mercilessly guides us back to 1949, when "such senators as William Knowland, Styles Bridges, Kenneth Wherry, and Pat McCarran, three 'Asia-first' Republicans and a right-wing Democrat . . . denounced the China White Paper issued by the State Department—as 'a 1,054 page whitewash . . . which has succeeded only in placing Asia in danger of Soviet conquest.' " That was the year John F. Kennedy told his fellow congressmen: "Over this weekend we have learned the extent of the disaster that has befallen China and the United States. The responsibility for the failure of our foreign policy in the Far East rests squarely with the White House and the Department of State."

Daniel and Patricia Ellsberg in front of the Federal Building in Los Angeles the morning of the start of Ellsberg's trial.

Such statements, lumped together as McCarthyism, have panicked and goaded successive administrations ever since. Moreover, heeding Rule One—not to lose Asia to Communism—meant the inevitable breaking of Rule Two—dispatching ground troops to the East. This catches the President in the Indochina bind. He must now announce "very limited measures—as if they were believed adequate to achieve ambitious publicly announced goals." He must, in the bargain, "avoid public pressures that could result from frankness of prospects, pressures either to take much riskier measures to win and get the problem over with or to get out of Vietnam . . . [leading to] eventual disaster for the administration even if the initial public reaction were relief." Ellsberg's punch line to this build-up is devastating: "In short, the Presidents conclude, *the public must be lied to*: about what the President's decision is, what advice he rejects, what he was told to expect, what he foresees and intends for the future." [Emphasis added.] Avoiding the truth, while attempting to obliterate the problem—namely, great numbers of Indochinese—requires that officials at the high levels Ellsberg once inhabited use *a special language of avoidance amongst themselves.* "Water drip . . . kill the hostage . . . fast-full squeeze . . . 'hot-cold' treatment . . . ratchet . . . one more turn of the screw . . ." Mrs. Ellsberg, seeing these phrases in the Pentagon Papers, exclaimed that they comprised "the language of torturers."

Ellsberg's contribution cannot be overpraised for its honesty, clarity, and penetration. His view from the inside, however, although tempered by direct experience in Vietnam, leads him, despite a disclaimer, to a somewhat disproportional weighting of the evidence. The monographs he recommends by Lacouture, Devillers, and others do not furnish him with the clues to economic and class factors that contribute to America's preoccupation with Indochina. Such clues need no longer be inferred. Jeffrey Race, for four years an army captain in Vietnam and author of the recent *War Comes to Long An*, sums up the American stake in "his" province:

> The population was quite aware of those government policies critical to their life situation: the policy of maintaining the existing landholding system; the policy of military service far from one's home; the policy of persecuting former Vietminh; the policy of denying local organs sufficient authority to punish offending soldiers and officials; the policy of building strategic hamlets; and the policy of maintaining a government recruitment pattern which denied advancement to those from majority elements of the rural population.

Frances FitzGerald's *Fire in the Lake*, the result of both her year as a journalist in Vietnam and considerable reading, offers a convenient compendium for readers who will now take Ellsberg's advice and read the record of American involvement in Vietnam. FitzGerald does not shrink, in this big book, from broad judgment, evaluation, and cultural comparison. She is helpful in concentrating on the "moral" aspects of the struggle, which she, like Ellsberg, recognizes are little understood by American officials and which underlie so much Vietnamese behavior. The United States in 1954, she says, ". . . was entering into a moral and ideological struggle over the form of the state and the goals of the society." In a passage amazingly reminiscent of Ellsberg, she concludes:

> No more was it possible to say, as so many Americans and French had, that Vietnam was "the quagmire" . . . that had enmired and corrupted the United States. It was the other way around. The U.S. officials had enmired Vietnam. They had corrupted

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the Vietnamese and, by extension, the American soldiers who had to fight amongst the Vietnamese in their service. By involving the United States in a fruitless and immoral war, they had also corrupted themselves.

FitzGerald's book contains little new information. For the American who has tried to keep up, her sources form the familiar bibliography for Ellsberg's hypothetical freshman mid-term. The studies by Buttinger (whose documentation really *is* voluminous), McAllister, Mus, Shaplen, Kahin, and Lewis are accessible in paperback to anyone. FitzGerald relies for her judgment of Vietnamese temperament on a few well-known works, especially those of Paul Mus. Somewhat irritatingly, moreover, she employs bitty references to the *I-Ching*, Confucius, China, Indonesia, the *New York Times* edition of the Pentagon Papers, and the fashionable but quirky China psychoculturalist, Richard Solomon. Self-confident pronouncements on national habit and character should be reserved for veteran scholars or long-time residents who know the language.

The real value, however, of FitzGerald's cultural and political survey, lies in the lesson it teaches about the Ellsberg case: Ellsberg's "disclosures" disclosed virtually *nothing* about the war itself that was not already well known. But, despite his judgment that the Pentagon Papers reveal little about motive, they do illuminate the attitudes and values of high-policy planners, those responsible for "a criminal war," among whom Ellsberg now numbers himself.

The extreme necessity that the American public not discover the truth about its leaders, five administrations of them, explains the fury with which these men now pursue the informer in their midst. Ellsberg's "crime" clearly is not treason. "Keeping silent in public about what I had read and heard made me an accomplice. . . ." Now his colleagues want to get the squealer.

In a speech, included in *Papers on the War*, delivered shortly before he released the Pentagon Papers to the press, Ellsberg suddenly grasped the significance for himself of Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich*: ". . . not to have tried to see through the whole apparatus of mystification was already criminal. . . . For being in a position to know and, nevertheless, shunning knowledge creates direct responsibility for the consequences—from the very beginning. . . ." "I was like a man following a trail of bloodstained footprints through the snow without realizing someone had been injured." Now he knows who the victims were and who the executioner. "I was there, too, however minor and 'innocuous' my role." □

ELEANOR: THE YEARS ALONE
by Joseph P. Lash
Norton, 368 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Benjamin DeMott

The heroine's husband is gone, and her light shines utterly free. She serves as a delegate to the U.N. Assembly's first meeting in London, working on organizational structure with Dulles, Vandenberg, Byrnes, and leaders of other national delegations, and, in a passage of high drama, defeating Vishinsky on the issue of forced repatriation of refugees. By acclaim she's elected chairman of the Human Rights Commission and emerges with a declaration that passes the Assembly without a single nay vote —"the first intergovernmental bill of rights and fundamental freedoms."

She commits herself to the search for a means of dealing with the problem of a Jewish homeland and, remaining ceaselessly conscious—despite distractions of extravagance on every side—of where the greatest debts are owed, sees Israel through a dozen challenges to a seat in the parliament of nations. She writes, lectures, broadcasts. She is the key person in the founding of Americans for Democratic Action. Twice she powers the Stevenson campaigns with her immense drive and clarity, winning no elections but keeping alive a breath of moral idealism that will be nourishment for the McCarthys, Kennedys, McGoverns to come.

And in time she receives her due —part of it, anyway. Repeatedly the voices praising her speak as though in astonishment: We didn't *know*, we never dreamed there was so much *to* "Eleanor"! "I feel I must tell you that when you were appointed I thought it terrible and now I think your work here has been fine"—John Foster Dulles. "One of the most solid members of the delegation"—Arthur H. Vandenberg via Ben Cohen. "We consider you our finest ambassador abroad"—Dean Rusk. "Burmese regard Mrs. Roosevelt as most popular living American"—Dean Acheson. "If the President himself had come [to Argentina], he couldn't have done more to boost pro-United States feeling"—*Christian Science Monitor*. "Will the delegates please take their seats. Several million people

Eleanor Roosevelt in Bali

are waiting to hear the First Lady of the World"—the chairman of the 1952 Democratic Convention.

More important, this leader *is* what she's praised for being, possessing to the very end—in her seventies—qualities of imagination, psychological acuity, and political wit that are worth celebrating. Witness this casual patch from a 1956 *Meet the Press*:

Question: Mrs. Roosevelt, do you really think the present administration, and particularly President Eisenhower himself, wants prosperity only for big business and that he doesn't care about the little guy?
Mrs. R.: Oh no! The President is a good man and he would want always to do the right thing as he saw it, but he has a great admiration for the achievement of the successful business man because he has never been a successful business man and you always admire what you really don't understand.

As hardly needs saying, chronicles of triumph—virtue repaid, honor honored, talent prized—rouse skepticism nowadays: They imply that the world makes sense. The contemporary taste is for images of disorder, evidence of heartbreak—material of the kind brilliantly assembled, not in the work at hand, but in *Eleanor and Franklin*, the vastly successful first volume, published just a year ago, of Joseph P. Lash's biography. The entire movement of that book testified to the pervasiveness of chaos, catastrophe, injustice. A child is born of extraordinary percipience, openness to feeling, beauty of soul; therefore, her mother finds her ugly, calls her "Granny," treats her with kind indifference. The same child is deeply adoring of her father; therefore, he teases her, hurts her, abandons her. Here is a human being quick almost beyond belief to the suffering of others; therefore, her husband is set on the rack

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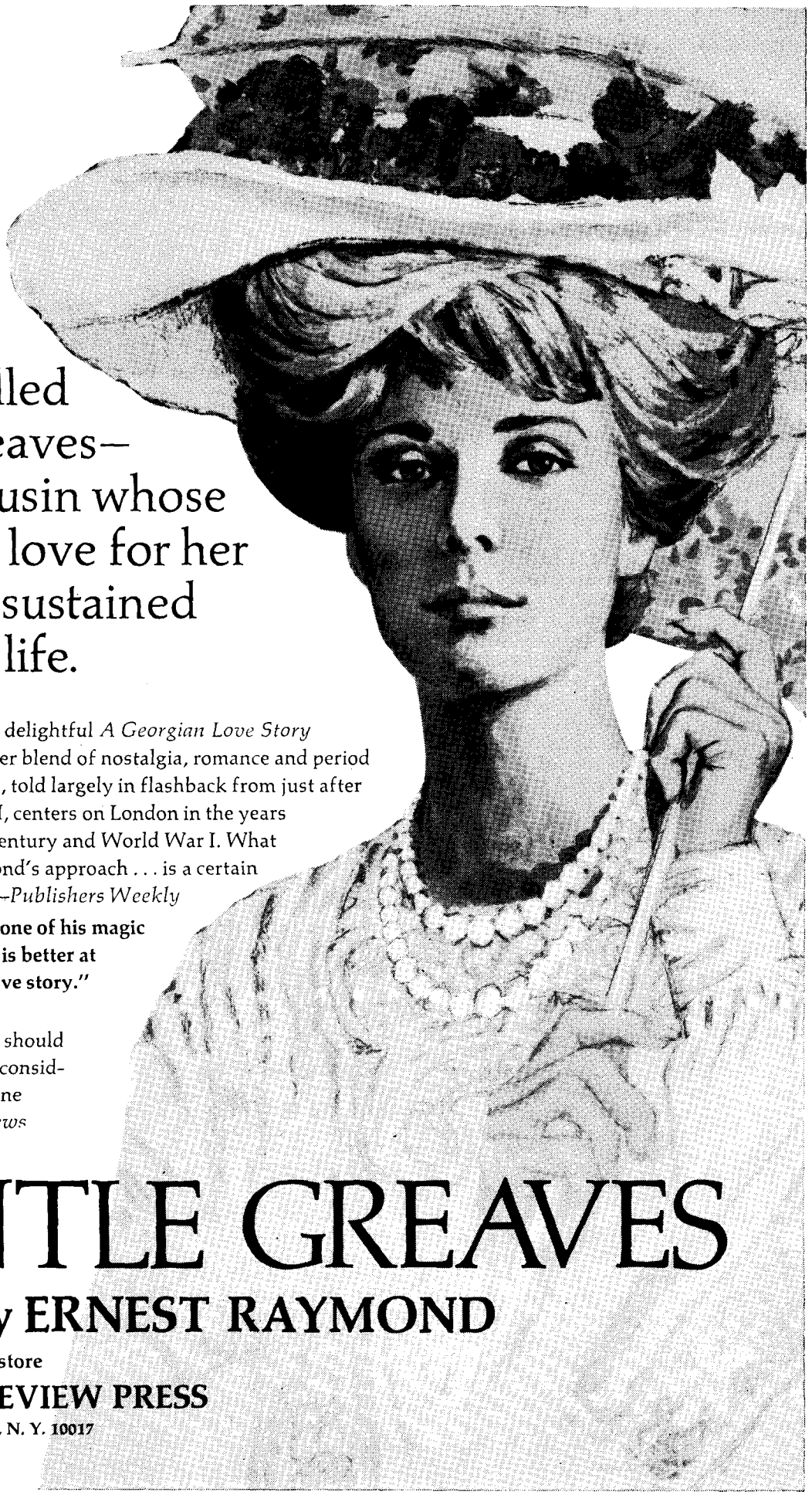

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GENTLE GREAVES

A novel by ERNEST RAYMOND

$8.95, now at your bookstore

SATURDAY REVIEW PRESS
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with polio; therefore, her father undergoes operations that terrify her, descending through a morphine and alcohol haze into stupor and collapse. Here is a daughter-in-law whose response to the claims of her husband's mother is of superb delicacy and warmth; therefore, the older woman seeks her humiliation. Here is a wife with measureless capacity for giving of self in the domestic relationship; therefore, her husband —a blade, a spark, a beauty—womanizes behind her back. Here is a friend inexhaustibly caring for others as persons, never as tools, disposed to ask nothing in return save that she herself not be used, by her friends, as a tool; therefore, her generous compassion for vulnerable Harry Hopkins is used by him as a card of entry to The Chief, is profited from, then tossed aside.

All in the grain: perfect confirmation of things as they senselessly are—or as contemporary psychological and cosmological assumption hold them to be. And the huge audience that's savored *Eleanor and Franklin* has done so partly because the book nowhere hides the power of blackness on earth.

Will that audience lose anything if it fails to go on to *Eleanor: The Years Alone*? It will indeed. Mr. Lash's concluding volume is remarkable for its accounting—in the biographer's words, as well as in those of the subject herself—of what it takes to translate sympathy, vitality, and natural intellect into major influences on the quality of the national life. The formulaic phrase usually invoked to "explain" achievement in this area is, of course, *self-discipline*. The notable accomplishment of the book at hand is to flesh out the phrase by evoking self-discipline as an experience, revealing from inside the emotional entailments, the inner psychological realities, the reward systems and other contrivances by which self-discipline maintains itself and fends off The Tempter: self-pity. At moments in her later years Mrs. Roosevelt hangs on to sane perspectives by imagining herself as a stoical, practical "middle" sort of person, by pretending that the standards she sets aren't standards at all, merely simple sensible therapeutic exercises—preventive medicine, as it were. (David Lilienthal praises a piece in which she speaks against self-absorption, and she at once declares that her point was medical, not moral: "She looked at me in the most earnest way and said: 'And this [struggle against self-absorption] becomes more important as one gets older. Inevitably there are aches and pains, more and more; and if you pay much attention to them, the first thing you know you're an invalid.' ")

But on other occasions self-discipline bucks itself up by acknowledging that there's nothing ordinary—or even very practical—about it. Instead it's a rare human distinction, a gift for living by imperatives that raise the person high above the general dishevelment and pettiness affordable elsewhere. Looking backward, a year or so before her death, Mrs. Roosevelt scratched out a few sentences about the levels of personal control appropriate to the White House that carry this awareness of discipline as elevation:

> Both the President and his wife can never give way to apprehension even though they are probably more aware than most citizens of the dangers which may surround us. If the country is to be confident, they must be confident. They cannot afford to harbor resentment, or to have enemies where it is possible to turn these enemies into friends. This demands from both the President and his wife a high order of intelligence, of self-discipline and a dedication to the public good.

On the one hand, a sense of pride, on the other, a sense of practicality; now a view of oneself as hero, now a view of oneself as "only" a realist. Implicit in the oscillation, as dramatically traced out in *Eleanor: The Years Alone*, is a guide to the means by which uncommon personal resources are transformed into the ground of great deeds. And the biographer is invariably alert to the subtleties of the exchange—the degree to which the secrets of the process are unknown to the heroine herself. In chapter after chapter the cycle by which pride gives way to homely stoicism and vice versa seems dictated, almost without exception, by knowledge that lies beyond words—an unconscious grasp of which feelings will do most, in this or that particular instance, to inhibit self-indulgence.

Since it aims at inclusiveness, like the companion volume, this "chronicle of triumphs" does have occasional interruptions. In the Fifties and Sixties, as in the Thirties and Forties, there are foundering marriages among Mrs. Roosevelt's children and grandchildren; careers sputter; a life is taken. Cardinal Spellman, angered by her opposition to federal aid to parochial schools and by her support, "even though discreet," of birth control, lays it down that her record is "unworthy of an American mother" and adopts an excommunicative tone: "I shall not again publicly acknowledge you." Westbrook Pegler hums on, abusing "The Widow," "La Boca Grande," "The Gab," "Eleanor the Great" and otherwise manfully slamming this "coddler of Communists . . . living off the taxpayer's largesse . . . [this] liar." There are, furthermore, moments when her mind is lanced by one or another poisonous memory. (One example: "The Widow" is not only obliged to return to the "other woman" of 1917–1918 a memento from the President's effects, but must thereafter read a chill, abashed letter of thanks.)

And the end is precisely what all decency cries out against:

> She was allowed to return home on October 18 [1962]. Someone tipped off the photographers, and she, who had such dignity and pride of bearing, was shown to the world stretcher-borne, her face puffy, her white hair straggly, her head sagging. . . . One day, when she told nurse Waldron that she wished to die, the nurse said that the Lord who had put her into this world would take her from it when she had finished the job for which she was here. "Utter nonsense," Mrs. Roosevelt said, looking at the intravenous tube in her arm, the oxygen tank, and the needle punctures in her skin. Confused and incoherent, often in a semicoma, her determination to die alone was steady and iron-willed. She rejected pills, clenched her teeth to keep her nurse from administering them, spat them out if the nurse was successful, and, becoming more wily, secreted them in the recesses of her mouth. . . . "I am a tough old bird," she had written David Gray. . . . On November 7 her strong heart finally ceased to beat.

But while the world's ferocity surfaces more than once—impossible for any set of triumphs wholly to suppress it—*Eleanor: The Years Alone* is, in its marrow, a victory book. During the years here chronicled Mrs. Roosevelt learned to see largely, learned to move beyond her own aspiration, and was perceived, in turn, as a national resource. During these years she taught herself both to say and to believe that:

> All human beings have failings, all human beings have needs and temptations and stresses. . . . If at the end one can say: "This man used to the limit the powers that God granted him; he was worthy of love and respect and of the sacrifices of many people, made in order that he might achieve what he deemed to be his task," then that life has been lived well and there are no regrets.

She arrived, in other words, at comprehensive understanding, worked out to the borders of a breath-taking selflessness wherein "merely personal" humiliation actually forgets how to preen itself, and the whole energy of the being is squandered recklessly, joyously, in the service of others. "The only riches," as Lawrence saluted another matchless American: "the great souls." □

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BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY KARLA KUSKIN

If the answer is "the pictures," what is the question? Well, the question is: "What is the matter with a great many picture books currently rolling off the presses and onto the book counters, for crying out loud?" Or maybe the answer is: "the words." In fact, it must be both. A good picture book is a successful collaboration of text and illustration. The secret of success may lie in a precise understanding of the term "illustration." Webster's unabridged, which has a way with words, defines illustration as: "Illumination or enlightenment . . . making clear, evident or distinct . . . pictorial elucidation, adornment. . . ." and more. The adornment of words. In the sense that a body is defined by its bones, so a picture book is given shape and style by words. They provide the skeleton for the flesh of the illustrations.

Was it Simon or Schuster or Henry VIII who said, "You can't tell a book by its cover"? After thumbing my way through shelves almost groaning with vibrant, graphic works *d'art*, I have come to think that the phrase should be amended to: "You can't tell a book *from* its cover." Like TV toys and hair spray, children's books are being treated by many publishers as products only. I am using the word "product" in the sense of a primarily commercial item, something to package and sell. As long as it is packaged to look appealing on the outside, bright, shiny—a "fast mover"—why worry about the inside, whether it's toothpaste or words? Although this approach can result in stunning shampoo containers, it does not have anything at all to do with making good books. Maybe that is why one can emerge from an afternoon among these glossy, flossy, supersized numbers glassy-eyed and empty-headed—because, for the most part, the pictures adorn nothing. They are supported, not even by slim though charming fluff, but by computerized fluff tricked out as stuff. Such overillustrated, overproduced, overblown underachievers are "aimed at the kiddy market" instead of being created for children. These products are the direct descendants of that original literary package—the coffee-table book. Call them milk-and-cookie-table books.

As gift books, they seem designed to appeal to grandmothers or the dinner guest who passed a Womrath's instead of a liquor store. I came across a volume the other day that I think might rank as quintessential of its kind. Like its siblings, it was big, flashy, expensive, and much given to rainbow hues (purple and aqua especially). Every page was a hotbed of artistic grandstanding. There was no white space. There were no words. The book was perfectly produced. The drawing was not as fortunate. That was an odd marriage of Mad Comics (*L'école* Don Martin) and overbaroque Disney—an offshoot, possibly, of a chic grotesquerie that has somehow slipped its moorings in the shallows of advertising and magazine illustration and steamed full force into children's books. Someone should have remembered to mine the harbor.

from "Tony's Hard Work Day"

While there is no rule that a picture book must have words, it really ought to have a story. The pantomime of an abstraction can be rather nebulous . . . and boring. There were, once, some short, fat books with a picture on every page. When you flipped the pages, the pictures moved and something happened: Somebody danced and fell down; the dish ran away with the

Karla Kuskin is author of *Roar and More, James and the Rain, The Bear Who Saw the Spring*, and other books. Her latest, *Any Me I Want to Be*, will be published this fall.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1520

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1520 will be found in the next issue.

BRGPSWHSO GRHLX APNRW-

LGRLE MO EKR YLRBYSHE-

RB, ZKUVR HWUXEPSWHSO

GRHLX APNRWLGRLE MO

EKR MHBVO RBYSHERB.

SKRXERWEPL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1519

Better to die of good wine and good company than of slow disease and doctor's doses.

Thackeray

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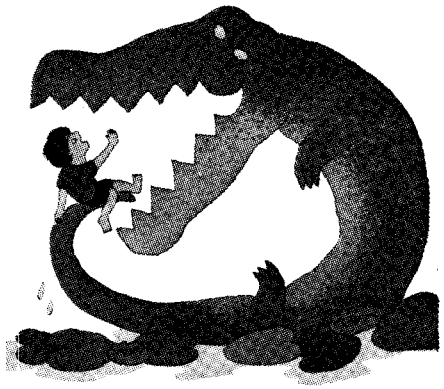
spoon. They did not cost more than 25 cents, and it was fun to flip those wordless pages and watch the action. But the great purple and aqua extravaganza didn't do anything. It just lay on its shelf like a beached but ostentatious fish. If I had dared to try and flip its pages, it would undoubtedly have slipped from my grasp and broken my foot for $4.95 plus tax.

William's Doll by Charlotte Zolotow (Harper & Row, $3.95) is a book that has already been reviewed in these pages, but I would like to mention it as a good example of a small, neat book that contains a solid idea. William wants a doll. Everyone says it is sissy for a boy to have a doll, but his grandmother thinks it is fine, so she buys him one. Then he is able to love the doll and practice being a father. Each page is lit by William Pene Dubois's sunny water colors. It is a complete and dear book told in a calm voice. And it reminded me of a rule I learned from Harold Tannenbaum, my twelfth grade teacher. Mr. Tannenbaum was large. He looked and sounded something like a bear. He could, when he wished, yell with effect. But when he had an important point to get across, he would drop his voice. Conversations stopped as we strained to listen. And we did listen, and we heard.

The following books may also seem to speak softly, but I think they are worth your attention.

Tony's Hard Work Day (Harper & Row, $4.95) is written by Alan Arkin; the pictures are by James Stevenson; and it is a successful collaboration. The story is simple and quietly funny, the humor of the words enhanced by the humor of the pictures.



from "A Crocodile's Tale"

Tony's parents buy a "very broken" small house in the country, and everyone, except Tony, sets about to fix it. "Let me hammer," Tony says to his father. "No, you are too small," his father answers. "You would hit yourself with the hammer, and then you would cry, and we would all have to stop working and hold you for a little while, so it's not a good idea." When all the other members of the family have turned down Tony's offers of help, he walks off saying, "I will build my own house." Next the words tell us that he "dug a hole in the ground," and the picture shows that hole. It is the picture that makes it clear that something out of the ordinary is beginning to happen. The hole is REALLY big. With an ax made from a sharp rock and a stick, Tony "chopped down a hundred trees and cut the tops so they turned into logs." Step by step we watch him building, and, when his family finally sees his completed house, they ask if they can move in with him. Generous to a fault, Tony says, "Sure." And from then on, whenever there is any work to be done, you can rest assured that Tony lets them help.

Is there anything more satisfying than the story of a child triumphant in a world of grownups? It is an old tradition and a heart-warming one: The nice kid who finishes first.

The book is a generous size, and the format is airy with plenty of bright, white space to frame the type and illustrations. The drawing is relaxed and totally suited to the story. Stevenson does not use a fancy pen line, but he is wonderful at projecting subtleties of mood with the dot of an eye or the slump of a shoulder. The color has been applied in easy washes, and everything has a fresh look, as if it had just been tossed off by a sure, swift hand. The country sketches are as pleasant as those of people. There is a sweet,

WIT TWISTER NO. 285

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The swimmers' bodies — — — — — — — in the sun,

Where salt air — — — — — — — like the surf, its twin.

The time for — — — — — — —, scarf, and cap is done,

As winter's wraps give pride of place to skin.

A. S.

(Answer on page 63)

YOUR LITERARY I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

OSCULATION A LA BARD

Jean Anne Waterstradt of Ogden, Utah, noticed that Shakespeare's characters frequently refer to kissing—usually, of course, in amatory circumstances. Can you relate these observations to the speaker and the one spoken to? The secret's out on page 63.

1. Antony ( )	A. You have witchcraft in your lips.	a. Lady An
2. Cressida ( )	B. O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.	b. Cleopatra
3. Feste ( )	C. You kiss by the book.	c. Desdemona
4. Hamlet ( )	D. The kiss you take is better than you give; / Therefore no kiss.	d. Gertrude
5. Henry V ( )	E. Of many thousand kisses the poor last / I lay upon thy lips.	e. Katharina
6. Juliet ( )	F. Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made / For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.	f. Katharine
7. Othello ( )	G. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me . . .	g. Patroclus
8. Petruchio ( )	H. Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.	h. Thisbe
9. Pyramus ( )	I. . . . for a pair of reechy kisses . . . Make you to travel all this matter out.	i. Romeo
10. Richard ( )	J. . . . no way but this, / Killing myself to die upon a kiss.	j. Toby & Andrew

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shambling flow of line throughout. This book has no poetic or artistic pretensions. It just is awfully nice.

The Hot Day (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.50) is written and illustrated by Sheila Greenwald. The pictures of life on the Lower East Side of New York around 1910 are sketched on a solid background color, either hot yellow or cool blue. The business and clutter of the streets, the costumes and the look of the people are done faithfully and with ease. The story is the kind a grandparent would tell: "It was so hot that day . . . it could boil water . . . it could melt the fat off Mrs. Moon, maybe. . . . The flies were dropping like flies in Momma's kitchen.' The focus in all this golden heat is an electric fan, a modern wonder, surrounded by a puff of cool blue. The fan belongs to an unpleasant gentleman boarder in Momma's house. How the children come into possession of the fan is the whole story from hot beginning to cool finish. The scale is modest, and the author has not attempted to pad it verbally or artistically to impress book-buying aunts or some prospective jury of art directors. It is a gently funny reminiscence, and its style is appropriate. When the fan finally blows over the children, the rush of blue cutting through yellow is as refreshing as a real breeze, and you don't have to flip the pages to feel it.

A Crocodile's Tale (Scribners, $4.95) is a Phillippine folk story by way of Jose and Ariane Aruego. One of the nicest things about it is the crocodile, who is sly and green and graceful. Then there is Juan, intrepid and barefoot, who saves him from a trap. Juan thinks that the crocodile should be grateful, but the crocodile says that people are never grateful so why should he be? He wants to eat Juan. At last a monkey comes to the rescue and saves Juan, who is extremely grateful. The illustrations are decorative, done simply. The trees and flowers bloom in jungly profusion. The animals and people are amusing, and each scene is composed to contribute to the rhythm of the story and the design of the page. The colors are not quite up to the rest of the art, neither really soft nor really sparkling, and the ending may be a little too understated to be absolutely clear on first reading. However, it is ungrateful to quibble, and I am grateful that there are books like these. □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2001)

(SCOTT) SEEGERS:
MEET THE MIGHTY MANTIS

Voracious savagery characterizes the mantis's sex life. The male approaches his intended bride with stealthy steps. If she looks his way he freezes until she turns away. About one in four husbands completes his duties and escapes intact; the other three serve as wedding breakfasts.

INSIDE PSYCHOTHERAPY
Nine Clinicians Tell How They Work and What They Are Trying to Accomplish
edited by Adelaide Bry
Basic Books, 162 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Webster Schott

Therapist: *So how do you feel about Adelaide Bry's conversation with these nine psychiatrists and psychologists? What did you feel about their various theories?*
Reader: Well, I think she talked to some of the big guns—Fritz Perls on gestalt therapy, Paul Bindrim on nude marathon therapy, Joseph Wolpe on behavioral therapy, Frederick Stoller on encounter-group therapy. Impressive figures. And she's an effective interviewer. Quick, articulate.
That's what you think. I asked you what you feel. Feel? Oh, well. Ah, surprise. Surprised that she missed Bob Goulding and Tom Harris on transactional analysis—that's Eric Berne's thing, and it's big in California and the Midwest—and surprise that she missed Glasner's reality therapy. No talk about chemical behavior modification, either.
Surprise? Try to follow that feeling deeper. What does it lead to? Anything more? Regret and disappointment, I guess. Yes, probably disappointment. *You say "guess" and "probably.' Aren't you sure?* Sure I'm sure. I want therapy to help get sick people well. Only once or twice do Adelaide Bry's supershrinks mention schizophrenics and potential suicides. Nothing about drug addiction. These are people in deep trouble—almost dead in body or head—and Adelaide Bry's doctors ignore them. They worry over "making contact" and "reducing shame." Keeping in touch with yourself and your reactions" won't reverse depression. Read-

Webster Schott is a well-known critic of books on contemporary themes.

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ing this book you might think therapy is a form of grooving, not treating sick people. Has psychotherapy really become a branch of the human potential movement?

No, of course not. Apparently, Miss Bry didn't ask the right questions, or her doctors chose to talk about less disturbed patients. But you sound like you're mad. This book really got under your skin? No. But it tends to confirm experience. When my friend committed suicide, his doctor was unreachable up in New Hampshire. When an eighteen-year-old girl I know had a disastrous LSD trip, the psychiatrist her father called said he no longer saw patients in the hospital. I'm saying much of psychotherapy has grown comfortably habitual. What's really new—fundamentally new—except treating people in groups? There are more people in more emotional trouble—some three-and-a-half million mentally ill at last count—and therapy isn't changing, just getting more expensive.

So you don't like the book? I didn't like the way it failed to deal with the tough problems of therapy and mental illness. In other ways I did like it. Marvelous interview with Fritz Perls. Miss Bry wants to intellectualize. Perls decides she's a patient and treats her. Lewis Wolberg's introduction tends to challenge the institutionalizing process that has left therapy representing Freud's poetry. And *Inside Psychotherapy* is full of telling insights.

Such as? Running through all the interviews are a number of ideas about therapy that different therapists hold in common. Awareness is one. All therapies seem to aim at making the unconscious act visible to the patient. He can't change unless he knows what needs to be changed. Another is the dimension of time. Most therapies strive to get the patient to see that successful, gratifying behavior at one time may be failure behavior at another time. Another insight: Belief in self, conviction of one's own worth must be the Gibraltar of therapy. The world is hostile, or at best indifferent, to each of us. Psychic and physical survival hinges on ego strength. You're on your own. I am, too. We make it alone.

Yes, but we reach out to others for help. . . . Do you have a fantasy about this book? I always do, you know. Perhaps some deeply troubled people will read it and feel confusion; maybe professionals will bone up on the competition with it; and, of course, those who tried therapy won't be able to put it down.

What will you do? Give it to you because you need more books in this office. □

ROOSEVELT, NEW JERSEY
Big Dreams in a Small Town & What Time Did to Them
by Edwin Rosskam
Grossman, 148 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Jon Margolis

The best way to find out what a special place Roosevelt, New Jersey, used to be was to live there as a child and then leave.

I was fourteen the first time I heard someone make fun of the narrow-mindedness of insurance salesmen. I was mystified. The only insurance salesman I knew dabbled in abstract math, was a superb singer of Hebrew liturgical music, argued politics with everyone, and read Tolstoy in Russian.

It was years before I realized how unusual he was. Or that towns of 800 persons did not ordinarily have a school janitor who liked to talk about utopian socialism, a grocery clerk who could explain the economic forces that set the prices in his store, and assorted workingmen who would debate politics with one of America's most famous artists, and sometimes win.

The janitor is dead now, and so is the artist, Ben Shahn. The grocery clerk has retired to Florida. The insurance salesman teaches Russian at the Lawrenceville School and is one of the few old-timers still in town. Nearby housing developments have made it hard to "see the horizon across honest-to-goodness crops," as Ben Shahn used to like to do. Many of the houses where immigrant garment workers used to live are now home to native-born, college-educated technicians, executives, artists, and academics. It's still an unusually enlightened town, politically liberal, culturally aware. But well-informed professors are commonplace. Tailors who know more than professors are special.

Ben Shahn illustration for a book of poems by Wilfred Owen.

Happily, before the last of the original settlers goes, someone has chronicled their unique and once very controversial experiment. Edwin Rosskam has written a short, bittersweet, and intensely personal account of the town, its unusual beginnings, and its most prominent citizen.

Roosevelt—originally Jersey Homesteads—was a utopian experiment, a new town, and the closest America has ever come to having an Eastern European *shtetle* on its soil. It was founded in 1934 by a visionary named Benjamin Brown, who hoped it would become a self-sufficient haven for Jewish workingmen. It was financed by the New Deal resettlement program.

The idea was to relocate 200 families from the city to the country. They would be both the workers and the co-operative owners of a garment factory, a store, and a farm. As workers, they would be paid wages; as owners, they would share profits.

There never were any profits; there was hardly enough money to pay wages. For a while the government subsidized the factory, the keystone of the experiment, but that didn't last long, and the experiment folded. Benjamin Brown died broken and bitter and mad.

Rosskam, who moved to Roosevelt in 1953, has conducted extensive interviews with the remaining original settlers and with many residents who moved in during the 1940s. On the advice of lawyers, the residents, except for the Shahns, Brown, and a few others, have been given aliases.

In many places Rosskam lets the townspeople tell their own stories, moving in briefly with exposition or personal comment. As a result, he does not tell the story of Roosevelt as much as weave it. There is no chronological account of Jersey Homestead's controversial beginnings or its ideological roots, no comprehensive explanation of how the co-operative method was supposed to operate, no clear explanation of how and why it failed.

Which is all right. Rosskam has not tried to write a history. He has written a sociological memoir. He conveyed the texture of what it was like for a few hundred nervous, city-raised, working people to try to start a new life and help make a new world on 1,250 muddy acres in central New Jersey. The mud is there and the fear;

Jon Margolis is chief of the Albany bureau of *Newsday*, and was born and raised in Roosevelt, New Jersey.

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the constant ideological debates and the petty, personal selfishness; the hatred the first settlers had to take from the nearby residents who disliked any Jews at all, much less left-wing Jews involved in a "Communist" experiment.

The book is not as funny as it might be. Rosskam explains that the public meetings were wild, but not that at one of them the mayor, under pressure, confessed to adultery with his neighbor's wife: "She wanted to get screwled so I screwled her." Rosskam mentions David Dubinsky's opposition to the project, but not that when Albert Einstein went to plead the cause with Dubinsky, the labor leader exclaimed, "Dr. Einstein, you are the smartest man in the world, but what do you know from coats and suits?" He recounts how the shoppers hounded the butcher about each cut of meat, but not that when one woman shrilly doubted that the meat was fresh, the butcher responded, "Lady, this cow was alive like you yesterday."

Weaved in and out of the story of the town is the story of Ben Shahn's *place in it, and the book is strongest in* outlining his relationship. Rosskam was a close friend of Shahn's, but his treatment is objective. The artist emerges as a man who could be a fascinating conversationalist, but who was sometimes irascible, inflexible, and boring. He liked to hold court, and he told the same stories too often. For years the townspeople reveled in their knowledge that this famous man was also a neighbor and an occasional pain in the neck. Only when he died was it realized that this occasional pain in the neck had been an extraordinary force that had anchored the special character of the place.

On Sunday, March 16, Ben Shahn was buried, and the people trudged back from the graveyard and into their homes and talked of him and of the town. The general assessment was that an era had ended, that Roosevelt would be nothing special any more.

Rosskam seems to agree. In the end he claims that the old spirit remains, "however faintly, under all the progress." Then he demurs. "Or perhaps I just think so, because I want to believe it." □

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1Eb, 2Dg (*Troilus and Cressida*), 3Hj (*Twelfth Night*), 4Id, 5Af, 6Ci, 7Jc, 8Ge (*Taming of the Shrew*), 9Bh (*Midsummer Night's Dream*), 10Fa (*Richard III*).

Answer to Wit Twister, page 60. glisten, tingles, singlet.

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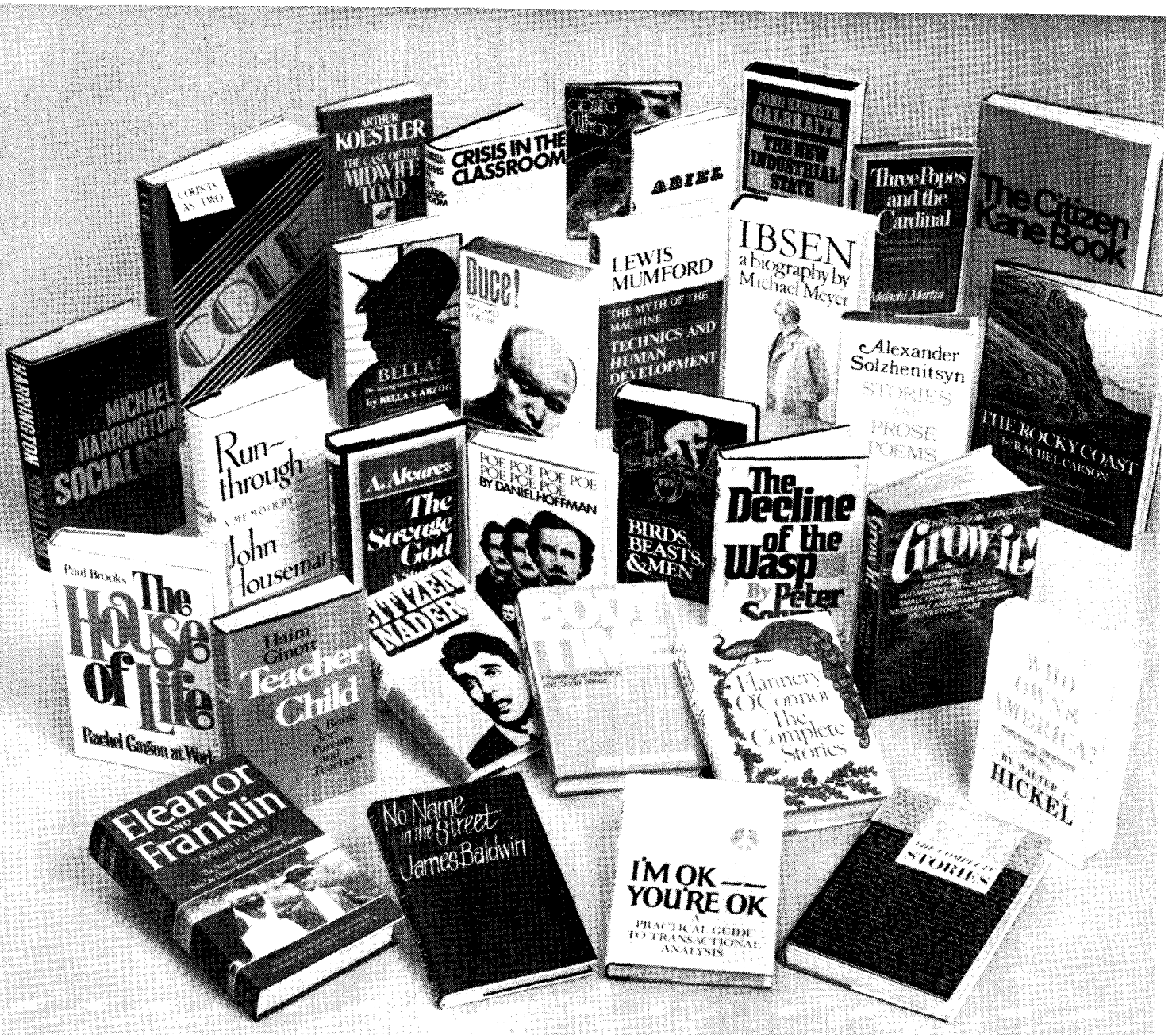

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Theater

Heaven Is Murky

BY HENRY HEWES

BUFFALO, N.Y.—The most demanding experimental theater piece I have seen, in a year when I have seen many, is currently hiding out in a converted Buffalo warehouse. The work is an adaptation of Samuel Beckett's 1958 novel, *The Unnamable*, and it is performed by the Performance Research Unit of the American Contemporary Theatre, Inc.

The audience enters to find a playing area surrounded on four sides by a few rows of seats. In the center of the playing area stands a huge, black drum, and on the floor sit symmetrically patterned troughs of footlights aimed at the audience. Slowly the house lights fade to total blackness. Then a very dim light comes up within the drum, which has begun to rotate. Through a window in one sector of the drum we barely discern a seated human figure, who speaks meditatively. When the window turns closest to us, the words are strong and distinct. When the window is 180 degrees from us, we must strain to hear sentence remainders.

The speaker's words are Beckett's, carefully selected by Joseph H. Dunn and Irja Koljonen, who also directed and designed the piece. The adapters apparently interpret the novel as a Taoistic journey from the chaos of the external world toward an inner radiance, a oneness with something so absolute that it cannot be named or described. The rotating soliloquy has a hypnotic effect. The speaker recognizes that to free oneself from the notions of time and of progress and from the need to try to escape from oneself is as impossible as it is necessary. He says, "The best would be not to begin. But I have to begin. That is to say, I have to go on."

Go on the speaker does, wrestling with dilemmas and distracting external elements to reach a point where he achieves clarification by "opening an eye on the within, having, of course, previously exposed it to the without, in order to benefit by the contrast." Peripheral actors, lights, and sounds bombard us in a way that illustrates unspoken sections of the novel. For those unfamiliar with *The Unnamable*, these elements, though sometimes imaginative and vivid, frequently emerge as murky and unbearably harassing to ear and eye. We are, we assume, being ruthlessly exposed to the without so that we may later appreciate the within.

Speaker in a turning drum soliloquizes in Beckett's "The Unnamable."

We are as reluctant to continue as the speaker himself, who, after his success at "opening an eye on the within," humorously comments, "Having won, shall I be left in peace? It doesn't look like it. I seem to be going on talking." And it soon becomes apparent that being left in peace is not in the cards for us, either. Beckett's purgatorial path must be followed through a marathon of existential considerations and protracted periods of unendurable mixtures of noise. Noise is necessary in order to find the silence where he is. As the speaker concludes, "In the silence you don't know, you must go on, I can't go on, I'll go on."

Whatever complaints we may have about going on through our nearly three-hour ordeal in the darkness, the manifestations that occur must be acknowledged as theatrical art. The lights and the sound seem controlled by some master surgeon who knows exactly what he is doing. Characters from the novel move counter to the rotation of the drum, illuminated only by small flashlights they carry in their hands, revealing just enough to suggest a softly defined, transitory presence. Most effective of these is a disembodied face that mechanically alternates between exaggeratedly hideous expressions of joy and of suffering. Also most memorable is a huge, clay jar in which the speaker imagines himself stuck, limbless and speechless. The jar, which is festooned with Chinese lanterns, moves slowly around the circumference of the playing area, a striking and beautiful image despite the fact that the speaker never identifies the jar.

Here is the crux of the matter. The adapters of *The Unnamable* have created with integrity an experience that is rich and meaningful to them as artists. But without a little more exposition to help the theatergoer know where he is, exasperation and boredom arise to break the circuit of audience involvement.

Two things should be quickly added to this criticism. First of all, Beckett was sufficiently impressed with the script of the adaptation to permit Mr. Dunn and Miss Koljonen to produce it, and he would, I suspect, be greatly pleased that it has been carried out, not only with such skill and imagination, but with an absoluteness of scope that matches his own.

Second, and equally important for the future of the American Contemporary Theatre, Inc., this production demonstrates the company's ability to invent and control fascinating theatrical devices that can be used with other more namable material. □

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A Patrolman for All Seasons

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

In a curious way the tough cop seems to be replacing the private eye, or even the sympathetic gangster, as a contemporary hero. The police have never been terribly popular on the screen before. Occasionally there has been a goodhearted patrolman (who invariably gets killed in the line of duty); but for every one of these, there must have been half a dozen or so patterned along the lines of the Sterling Hayden character in *The Godfather*—brutal, ruthless, and on the take. It wasn't too long ago when, in *Bonnie and Clyde*, audiences burst into cheers as Warren Beatty humiliated a southern sheriff and booed loudly as the cops set up their ambush. Nor were the ticket buyers precisely on the side of law and order in films like *Cool Hand Luke*, *The Wild Bunch*, or *Easy Rider*. Only in recent years—since *Bullitt*, in fact—has the man with the badge begun to emerge in heroic proportions. And even here, it must be admitted, in films like *Madigan*, *Dirty Harry*, and *The French Connection*, his status as hero is at best equivocal.

The New Centurions seems designed to end all that. The movie makes no bones about its message: Its heroes *are* policemen, and they *are* heroic. They are also human, fallible, and susceptible to pressures. At one point Stirling Silliphant's script attempts to draw a parallel between these men in blue and the centurions of ancient Rome, who sought to hold back the invading hordes of barbarians. Wisely, he doesn't pursue the image, but what he finds on the streets of Los Angeles—based on LAPD Sgt. Joseph Wambaugh's vast and rambling novel—is a sobering reminder that our civilization has produced its own hordes of barbarians and that only a very thin, blue line of predominantly dedicated men separates them from us.

It is all too easy, and not a little cynical, to recall the corruption uncovered within the ranks from New York to California, not to mention the repeated charges (and instances) of police brutality. But what Wambaugh contended in his novel, and reaffirmed in his own decision to remain with the department despite two best sellers, is that some men grow as attached to policework as others might to carpentry, shipbuilding, or—well, movie reviewing. There is something about the job that fulfills an inner need, and retirement from the force, Wambaugh maintains, removes the daily risk of death as well as the sense of identity that is the main motivation for living.

The New Centurions attempts to underscore this by singling out several rookie cops, freshly graduated from the Los Angeles Police Academy, as they meet their seasoned prowl-car partners for the first time. One rookie (Stacy Keach) is studying law and needs a job that will pay enough to see him through law school. Another (Scott Wilson) is recently out of the Marine Corps and wants the kind of work that can utilize the skills he learned in Vietnam. Inevitably, as in the old wartime movies, there is the team's black and the team's Chicano. The first time out, Keach gets shot in the belly during a liquor-store holdup. Wilson, trigger-happy, kills an innocent man in the ensuing chase. The Chicano (Erik Estrada) uses his night stick to smash a car to bits in an agony of frustration, then declares that he feels the better for having done it.

After his recovery, however, Keach has the good fortune to team up with Sergeant Kilvinsky (George C. Scott), a grizzled, knowledgeable, humane man, and it is largely through their eyes that we see the streets of the city. They pick up some cruising prostitutes, get them drunk, then set them down again too sodden to ply their wares. Keach moves over to the vice squad and, in an oddly truncated sequence, reluctantly sets about entrapping an alleged homosexual. He is also forced to become involved in domestic crises—including one of his own when he discovers that he prefers police work to the law, much to his rabbity wife's displeasure. But he really goes to pieces after Kilvinsky, retired from the force and unable to handle inactivity, commits suicide.

If only the film had stuck to these two points of view, Keach's and Scott's, it might have been both powerful and memorable. Unfortunately, the effect is diluted by mixing in a multitude of subplots and subcharacters, until the picture becomes episodic and piece-y, not unlike television's *Adam-12*. The writing of the lines is splendid, with a good ear for the vernacular. "People is getting so Goddamn weird anymore," exclaims a Negro prostitute on her way to the paddy wagon. Richard Fleischer's direction reprises the excitement generated by his *Boston Strangler*, where actual locations are made to seem more than merely corroborative. But George C. Scott is such a vibrant, tingling presence on the screen that killing him off with still a good half-hour of screen time to go has to be one of the more disastrous decisions of this movie year. And the climactic car chase, complete with screeching tires and electronic organ, doesn't quite take his place. Perhaps if George C. Scott had lived, *The New Centurions* might have effectively erased the old cop image. Once he leaves the scene, not only does Stacy Keach fall apart—so does the movie.

It doesn't take nearly as long for *The Public Eye* to go to pieces, amiable and attractive though it be. Adapted by Peter Shaffer from his own one-act play, the screenplay attempts to expand his original concept to feature-length dimensions simply by adding what is essentially travelogue footage. While I bow to no one in my affection for London, there is a tremendous difference between using its distinctive locales as, say, Alfred Hitchock did in *Frenzy*, where parks, clubs, hotels, and the environs of Covent Garden added organically to his story, and turning the city into so much cotton batting to pad out a woefully thin little tale.

In Shaffer's play, a rather dull young husband begins to suspect that his younger wife is being unfaithful to him when she fails to turn up at mealtime or arrives late for social engagements inappropriately garbed. He hires a private detective to keep a watchful eye on the girl, then discovers not only that she is not unfaithful but that she is such a paragon the detective has himself fallen in love with her. Mia Farrow is engagingly doelike as the wife. Michael Jayston is a bit too stuffy as the husband to make one believe that he could ever have married her in the first place. And Topol, as the amorous detective, plays so broadly that one might think he was still doing Tevya. It's a curious and disappointing film to come from Sir Carol Reed. □

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Dance

Stravinsky Ballets Revisited

BY WALTER TERRY

The New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival, which had New Yorkers doing cartwheels and paying scalper prices for seven days (June 18–June 25) at the State Theater, made the front pages as much on bravado as on artistry. At the time perspective was hardly possible, for more than thirty Stravinsky-rooted works were produced, there were twenty-plus premieres, and the ninetieth birthday tribute to the composer, who died last year at eighty-nine, spanned a prolific fifty-year music-dance association with George Balanchine, the City Ballet's artistic director.

It is now possible to separate a tour de force from actual accomplishment. Even Balanchine, whose idea it was to stage this massive ballet tribute to Stravinsky, was quick to admit that not everything that he, Jerome Robbins, Todd Bolender, John Taras, and several junior choreographers created especially for the occasion is first class. Indeed, Mr. B. gave advice to a close friend from Europe who had missed the New York City bash and who was planning to catch up with most of it at the Saratoga Festival, where the company played in July: "See Jerry's ballets," he said, "and see my *Violin Concerto*. It is very good! My other ballets?" He shrugged. "Okay, but not so good."

It was pretty good advice. In July I, too, visited Saratoga Springs, where the City Ballet is annually the resident dance company in that glorious open-air theater. In addition to standard repertory (twenty performances), there were six all-Stravinsky evenings. Nothing, perhaps, was equal to *Violin Concerto*, which I had seen at the mind-boggling opening of the festival in New York, but there were some marvelous moments—and also some very bad ones.

At Saratoga I caught up with Robbins's *Dumbarton Oaks*, a joyous, jazzy ballet filled with delicious Jerryisms—line dancing, high kicks, a tennis match (ending in love), gestural jokes. It is of the genre of Vaslav Nijinsky's *Jeux* and Bronislava Nijinska's *Les Biches* and, for me at least, it is far better than both, including later versions of *Jeux* by William Dollar and Taras. *Dumbarton Oaks* should certainly become a permanent addition to the NYCB repertory, along with Robbins's *Scherzo Fantastique*, already reviewed in this column.

Except for Robbins, Balanchine tends to surround himself with very minor choreographers, some of them comparatively young and others mature but of often debatable stature. The kindest act for several items produced by such figures would be to bury them quietly. At Saratoga there must be room for grave sites for John Clifford's *Symphony in E-Flat* (it has some nice steps but no shape), Bolender's *Serenade in A* (just dull), and some other Stravinsky tributes that fizzled.

Balanchine's *Duo Concertant* may not be a major work, but it is, unmistakably, the product of a master craftsman; it might not illumine your spirit as does *Violin Concerto*, but it will please the eye with the loveliness of its *pas de deux* movement fragments. Together, Balanchine and Robbins manufactured (yes, I mean that word) *Pulcinella*. As an echo of *commedia dell'arte* it is nowhere near as appealing as Balanchine's own *Harlequinade*, but Eugene Berman's scenery and costumes are sheer magic, and the antics of the dancers should amuse kids from four to ten. But, please, let's not have it onstage after 5 p.m.

It should not be presumed that all the ballets at the Stravinsky Festival were premieres or the results of forced feeding. Many were proven Balanchine-Stravinsky masterworks—*Apollo* (from the early days), *Orpheus*, and *Agon* among them—ballets that not only celebrate for all time the linked geniuses of Balanchine and Stravinsky but that have influenced theater dance around the world. These, of course, are ballets *composed* for dancing, but Stravinsky wrote music that *invited* extension into dance. Robbins's melodramatic *The Cage* is a perfect example: A Concerto in D for Strings triggered in a choreographer's mind a violent, primal, sexual explosion.

The Stravinsky Festival at the State Theater is long over, the Saratoga Festival has given alfresco celebration to the tribute, and this fall and winter the New York City Ballet itself, back in residence at the New York State Theater, will extend its Stravinsky paean into yet another season. One hopes there will be quiet discards, for certain of the presentations did no honor to either Stravinsky or the dance, but the ballet masterpieces that came out of the most publicized ballet churning in history will serve the New York City Ballet handsomely in the years to come. □

Jerome Robbins's "Dumbarton Oaks"—"a joyous, jazzy ballet filled with delicious Jerryisms—line dancing, high kicks."

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Music

Pierre in the Park

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Perhaps the least likely place to share a summer night with Pierre Boulez, composer of *Marteau sans maître*, author of *Notes of an Apprenticeship*, and conductor of the BBC Orchestra, would be New York's Central Park. But Pierre Boulez, music director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra? That is another matter.

This Boulez was to be found on one of July's hottest nights, not only in Central Park, but on a bandstand. It is the one housed in a shell large enough to accommodate the full Philharmonic. It is also portable enough to be trucked to performances in similar outdoor locations in other boroughs of the city.

New Yorkers have been favored for eight years by such free outdoor concerts, made possible by the generosity of the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company in collaboration with the Philharmonic and the city of New York. This is the first year of Boulez's participation, a condition (no doubt) of now being a member of the Philharmonic "family."

A terminology well known in musical circles, it has nothing to do with filial relations, but everything to do with financial involvement. A member of the "family" may be expected to put himself out, willingly or otherwise, on behalf of the parent organization when it has a talent crisis, a need for a replacement, or a special project. "Family" members take part in benefits, attend cocktail parties, hold press conferences. When the "family" tie is dissolved, so is the filial obligation. When did Leonard Bernstein last engage in such social obligations on behalf of the Philharmonic?

Boulez's Central Park debut was, on all counts, a rare instance of the "family" function at its best. From a parkside window overlooking the Sheep Meadow, where the concerts take place, one could observe the first attendants gathering as early as 5:15 p.m. The skies were cloudy, and there was a threat of rain, but the early arrivals stood, or sat, their ground in order to enjoy choice locations three hours later. They were joined by others as 6 neared, and many more by 7. Final estimates ranged from 50,000 to 60,000, causing Boulez to exclaim, in satisfaction: "Even more than the Stones in Madison Square Garden."

What the number might have been, had the Stones been performing free in Central Park, nobody dared to venture. The Philharmonic park goers heard an excellent evening of music, ranging from Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* Overture and Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* Suite (No. 2) to the *Horn Signal* Symphony (No. 31) of Haydn and the E-flat Concerto (K. 271) of Mozart, in which Misha Dichter was the fluent, sure-fingered soloist. They were all performed with the verve, plasticity, and directness characteristic of Boulez. The special significance of this was that, after weeks of separation and only a few hours of reacquaintance, Boulez was able to re-establish his identity as guider of the orchestra's destiny and molder of its present personality. For the next week's sequence Boulez was succeeded by Jean Martinon, formerly music director of the Chicago Symphony, who had not conducted the New York Philharmonic previously. Does this outdoor appearance qualify him as a new member of the "family"? Watch what happens indoors in Philharmonic Hall next season or thereafter.

Helen Traubel

All things taken together, Helen Traubel should never have been an opera singer. Or, at least, not a performer of such musically complicated and psychologically demanding roles as Isolde, the Brünnhildes, Sieglinde, Elsa, Elisabeth, and Kundry. When news of her death from a heart attack at Laguna Beach, California, circulated recently, there was, for me, only one mental image. That was of a woman of huge proportions, possessed of an earth-shaking laugh and a personality that made her as much at home behind the dugout of her beloved St. Louis Browns as in the halls of song where she earned worldwide fame.

Within the frame, however, was a voice of a substance and a richness that nature bestows only upon the elite of a generation. And mated to the outgoing personality was a womanly disposition of a fervor and humanness that compelled fulfillment. She was a prime instance of the "operatic bargain," in which obvious disqualifications of physique were negated by vocal endowments too special to be outweighed by other considerations.

It was a combination that took a considerable time to come into balance, for the possibilities of the voice to catch up with the impossibilities of the frame in which it was housed. There were years of tentative beginnings, of unfulfilled promise, of misguided advice that delayed her major operatic debut until she was nearly forty. The two Metropolitan general managers of her time each sought, in his own way, to shape her to their wills. The first, Edward Johnson, was determined to make her accept for a Metropolitan debut the role of Venus in *Tannhäuser*. This may be best described as a nonrole whose nonopportunities (for a soprano) Miss Traubel well understood. A series of concert successes in the late Thirties led to a succession of calls from the Metropolitan, each time with the same offer: Venus in *Tannhäuser*. Eventually, the public clamor made Miss Traubel's absence from the Met something of a scandal. She was awarded the role she cherished, Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*, and achieved the success (on December 28, 1939, with Melchior and Flagstad) that her determination deserved.

For Bing, Traubel's qualities obviously constituted an enigma. It was a period (1950–1953) in which he was supersensitively bent on imposing his will on Metropolitan personnel. Traubel's love for clowning on the radio or performing in nightclubs irked him. He did provide her with her one non-Wagnerian role at the Met—the Marschallin in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. It was beautifully sung in a way all her own, but she parted company with the Met before the role became part of her, or vice versa.

To Lauritz Melchior, older than both his famous partners and still thriving in California at eighty-two, the frequent challenge to differentiate between the vocal qualities of Flagstad and Traubel was not all that difficult. "Kirsten's voice is like a diamond," he would say. "He-lena's more like a ruby." If that also suggested where the red of blood was, the analogy couldn't have been better. □

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Fat Boys Are Better Than No Boys

BY CHRIS CHASE

Queen Gertrude of Denmark, watching her sweaty son fight a duel, confessed anxiety to her husband. "He's fat and scant of breath," she said. Then the Queen addressed the prince directly. "Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows." Many a mommy since Gertrude has been concerned about a child who panted about, carrying a load of lard, and these days some of them send their children to fat kids' camps.

In the past dozen years such camps have burgeoned across the Catskill Mountains of upper New York State, into Pennsylvania's Poconos, and as far west as San Diego. "Trim down," their ads implore. They promise "re-education in eating habits" and free follow-up programs after the camp season.

Choosing a couple of places at random from listings in the *New York Times*, my sister and I headed north one recent Saturday to explore. The first stop was Camp Shane in Ferndale, New York. Camp Shane's director, Selma Ettenberg, is a cheerful woman and a former fat kid herself ("I know what they go through"), who started the first co-ed weight-control camp in the country four years ago, with twenty-nine campers. In 1972 she enrolled 190, just about her capacity. Camp Shane kids live in bungalows, rather than in barrackslike quarters. "We're depriving them of food," said Mrs. Ettenberg, "so I think we should at least give them a nice homey atmosphere."

Warned that fat boys and fat girls wouldn't like being together, Mrs. Ettenberg accepted both anyway, and it has worked out well. Asked why she wanted to go to Shane, one girl said, "Fat boys are better than no boys. And besides, they get skinny."

Mrs. Ettenberg swears by a board of health diet published in 1952, though the camp substitutes margarine for butter and eliminates rich desserts. Kids are allowed ice milk, fruit, and jello. They also get spaghetti with their veal (half a cup of spaghetti instead of a slice of bread) and baked potatoes with their meatloaf. A sugar substitute is the only dietetic food used.

The day we were there, a little girl came up and asked about lunch. "Mrs. Ettenberg, is it macaroni and cheese?"

"Yes."

"I throw up from cheese," said the little girl proudly.

We went off to see the dining room and kitchen. Both were big, airy, and full of kids putting away stringently measured portions of macaroni, carrot sticks, fresh fruit. It smelled good, but even a skinny person might have walked away hungry.

Campers take classes in nutrition and are made to exercise, but the program is more flexible than those at larger camps. "On real hot days we just go swimming," Mrs. Ettenberg said. Riding, tennis, and volleyball are offered, as well as lessons in painting and bridge. ("And we have fifteen people who teach guitar," continued Mrs. Ettenberg. "They have their own orchestra.") The kids act as though they're having fun.

Mrs. Ettenberg's biggest problem is "the girls with the skinny, gorgeous mothers. I can take the weight off a kid like that, but she won't keep it off. She can't compete with her mother."

The live-and-let-live atmosphere at Camp Shane, where the children are in a family situation in which everybody bickers, laughs, and screams at one another, is very different from the feeling at Gussie Mason's Camp Stanley (for girls only) in Hurleyville, New York. For one thing, Gussie doesn't believe in home atmosphere. The only doors at Camp Stanley are on the showers and the toilets. "You walk down a hall, hear whispering behind a closed door, and you wonder if they're talking about you," Mrs. Mason said. Besides, home is where the trouble starts. "We want to *break* the pattern they have at home."

Mrs. Ettenberg and Mrs. Mason disagree on other matters. Mrs. Ettenberg tries not to hire fat counselors—"A girl who's still fat at nineteen has hangups"—whereas Mrs. Mason hires only fat counselors. Her staff of seventy-five has the same problem as its charges, and they all eat together at the same time.

Mrs. Mason doesn't permit boys to visit Camp Stanley—"A girl gets into a bathing suit, and she's got rolls of fat hanging out; she doesn't want a boy around"—and she sets a no-nonsense athletic schedule. At Stanley, "every single girl, every single day, has one hour of tennis, one hour in the pool, one hour of slimnastics."

Lunch at Stanley was more filling than lunch at Shane, but less appetizing, despite the fact that Mrs. Mason's press releases bill her as a "gourmet cook who specializes in decalorized meals." There was thinly sliced, warmed-up turkey, green beans, sauerkraut, two radishes, half a peach in watery liquid, and a paper cup containing a sickly sweet red drink.

Big on poise and posture, Mrs. Mason teaches her girls to stand and sit properly. "I consulted a model. She'd gone to Barbizon," she said, while demonstrating a corrective exercise that consists of walking with a magazine held between the thighs.

Mrs. Mason and her husband also own and operate Camp Tahoe, a fat boys' camp at Loch Sheldrake, New York. Though its athletic program is tougher than Stanley's, and its food restrictions are as tight, for some reason the hearts, if not the behinds, of the campers seem lighter. The boys, like the girls, are divided into age groups, and they swim, wrestle, play tennis, and run around a track. Head counselor Rick Bernstein pointed out an obstacle course covered with hurdles, rubber tires, and horizontal ladders that is referred to as "the circuit." The circuit, he says, "was constructed personally by this guy, I forgot his name already. He was a world-famous gymnast."

Counselors at Tahoe are thin. They couldn't perform the required acrobatics otherwise. But even being slender has its drawbacks. Bernstein discussed the problems of a slender counselor trying to wrestle a 300-pound kid. "Even if they don't know anything, you can't move 'em."

A camper named Charlie, who lost sixty pounds last year and who's come back as a counselor-in-training, said Tahoe is great and that last summer 200 boys lost more than 6,000 pounds among them. Three tons of flab. Left on the playing fields of non-eatin'. How can you knock it? If he'd gone to Tahoe, maybe Hamlet would have lived longer. □

Chris Chase is a freelance writer who lives in New York.

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Phoenix Nest

Measure for Measure

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

The I-Don't-Care Scale

2 jots = 1 tittle
3 tittles = 1 continental
2 continentals = 1 tinker's dam
4 tinker's dams = 1 damn

Political Opponent's Measure

2 nincompoops = 1 fathead
2 fatheads = 1 incompetent
3 incompetents = 1 opportunist
2 opportunists = 1 machiavelli

Linear Measure

2 hops = 1 skip
2 skips = 1 jump
24 jumps = 1 stone's throw
3 stone's throws = 1 piece
12 pieces = 1 way-the-hell-and-gone

Alcoholic Beverage Measure

2 fingers = 1 tot
2 tots = 1 shot
2 shots = 1 slug
4 slugs = 1 snootful
2 snootfuls = 1 night in jail

Applause Scale

2 salvos = 1 accolade
2 accolades = 1 triumph
3 triumphs = 1 ovation (sitting)
4 ovations = 1 lionization
2 lionizations = 1 outtasight

Altercation Scale

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3 frays = 1 fracas
2 fracases = 1 skirmish
2 skirmishes = 1 fight

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2 soupçons = too much paprika

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2 knaves = 1 varlet
4 varlets = 1 scoundrel
2 scoundrels = 1 charlatan

Joe Ecclesine

A Note on Pie

As one who likes pie, especially apple, cherry, and mincemeat, I am glad I did not live in the sixteenth century. Apparently it was the custom then to hide all sorts of things in pies. You might cut into a pie or, worse, bite into a piece of pie and find a note, a ring, a coin, or no telling what. The sender and/or cook might be lurking nearby, ready to shout, "Surprise!" as you crunched down and broke a tooth.

Pies were often used in those days for transmitting messages. In such instances the pie eater, being forewarned, carefully opened and dissected the pie before putting any of it into his mouth. Pies were a little like Chinese fortune cookies, which no one but a fool would ever eat before extracting the message. It is doubtful, however, that all of the notes sent in pies then were as encouraging as the counsel contained in fortune cookies today.

Sometimes stolen goods were enclosed in pies. In one historic instance what was enclosed in a pie was itself stolen before it reached its destination. Jane Seymour's brother, Edward, is said to have received a pie from which some valuable papers had been removed. Whether he proceeded to eat the pie anyhow or lost his appetite along with the papers is not known.

Some scholars believe that this incident gave rise to the nursery rhyme of "Little Jack Horner." Others, however, think the rhyme had its origin in another bit of skulduggery. A steward by the name of John Horner was sent from Glastonbury to London with a pie for King Henry VIII. In the pie was a title deed for an estate in Somersetshire. Out of curiosity or greed, young Horner stuck his thumb into the pie before he got to London and pulled out a plum—the valuable deed. "What a bright boy am I," he is supposed to have said. But if he saw the humor of the situation, he more likely punned, "A plum in-deed" or "A deed in a plum."

More interesting (if possible) is another incident that gave rise to a popular rhyme. Apparently, someone managed to bake a pie containing four and twenty blackbirds that were not harmed the least by all that heat in the oven. "When the pie was opened," we are told, "the birds began to sing." No doubt they were glad to see the daylight and get a breath of fresh air. The king, sitting there waiting for his dessert, had to admit that this was something different.

Whether the birds were able not only to sing but to fly out the window, I do not know. Nor do I know whether all the guests clamored for the recipe. It could be that the king had been misunderstood. What he had asked his chef to prepare was not blackbird but blackberry pie.

What I do know is that, though it may seem unimaginative, I like apple pie that has nothing more exciting in it than apples. I prefer letters in my mailbox, title deeds at the bank, and blackbirds on telephone wires.

Richard Armour

"She says, 'To hell with ballet, she's going to be a jockey.'"

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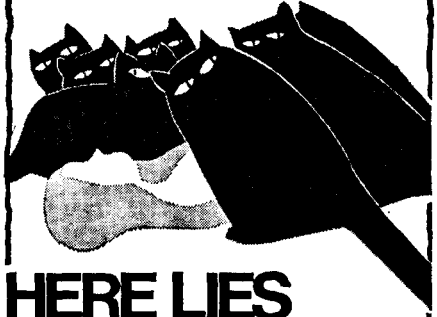

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(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 77)

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MOTHER'S HELPER for Brooklyn Heights family with small children. Own room and bath. Ideal for student. Starting mid-September. Box H-625.

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TEACHING POSITIONS In Foreign Countries. New 100-page guide contains information about organizations seeking teachers. Includes requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. Guaranteed satisfaction. Special price $2.00. Foreign Countries, Box 514-K18 Ames, Iowa 50010.

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MOVING TO METROPOLITAN ST. LOUIS? University City is an exciting place to live. Central suburban location. Nationally recognized schools and universities. Cosmopolitan integrated community of 48,000. Outstanding city services. 13 parks, golf course, indoor-outdoor pools, new library. Contact University City Residential Service, 7515 Melrose, University City, Missouri 63130. 314-726-0668. A FREE SERVICE.

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VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

BERKSHIRES, NEAR TANGLEWOOD—Large, new, all electric contemporary home on 2½ wooded acres, 500' frontage on beautiful secluded lake. Excellent winter and summer fishing, boating, swimming; near skiing, tennis, golf. Cathedral living room with fireplace, 4 bedrooms, 3 full baths, 2-car garage, many extras; central vacuum system, etc. $65,000. Owner, RD 1, Box 92A1, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230. 413-528-4467.

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For Rent

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For Rent—Furnished

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

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Furnished/Unfurnished

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

IDEAL 5-ACRE RANCH. Lake Conchas, New Mexico. $2,975. No down, no interest, $25.00 monthly. Vacation paradise. Money maker. Free brochure. Ranchos, Box 2003C, Alameda, California 94501.

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FLORIDA'S EXCITING new Bayfront residential resort. Waterfront, golf course lots. Condominiums, Yacht and Country Club. BAY POINT, Box 9137, SR, Panama City Beach, Florida 32401. 904-234-3308. AD4762.

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TRYON, N.C.—3-bedroom stone manor home, 6½ private acres, landscaped, pool, panoramic mountain view. $100,000. Details: Merrick Agency, Box 1247. 704-859-5644.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Water view site. Protected, private. Uncommonly lovely. Box 128, Chilmark, Massachusetts 02535. 617-645-9712.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla, Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

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DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING—or pack every minute with activity. You'll have a delightfully relaxing and revitalizing vacation. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

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ROUND THE WORLD EXPEDITION—180' yacht. Remote places—Galapagos, Easter Island, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. Share expense. Shipmates wanted. Fried, Apt. 1A, 330 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017.

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THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2002

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Certify	114 140 1 219 180 105
B. Character played by Clint Eastwood in the T.V. series "Rawhide" (2 wds.)	56 33 109 71 41 97 22 166 7 211
C. Run away (4 wds.)	104 66 92 113 34 119 188 143 172 145 2 134 156 23 111
D. Lacking variety	221 55 72 91 8 160 137
E. How often Nixon picks up his paycheck (3 wds.)	142 139 167 3 35 96 178 185 230 106
F. Propose marriage (colloq.; 3 wds.)	173 132 187 150 124 73 159 103 130 98 231 27 158 9
G. Mean	204 99 189 197 74 207 151 4 26 90 136 57
H. Novelist and clergyman, best known for regional fiction about Indiana: "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"	58 186 217 24 193 116 68 5 169
I. Behave very cautiously (3 wds.)	42 107 67 170 59 200 203 118 131 233
J. Swiss cheese	144 10 181 43 60 108 129 110 70 229 115
K. Novel by John Updike (2 wds.)	208 117 36 102 93 157 228 191 147
L. "Let ___ negotiate for itself" (Shakespeare; 2 wds.)	171 6 175 192 25 202 112 232

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Minute quantity	227 220 69 174
N. Hasty and perfunctory manner of doing something (4 wds.)	44 87 148 201 120 216 141 125 79 135 37 155 184 17 11
O. Rita Hayworth as known to her fans: "The ____" (2 wds.)	94 49 28 149 61 209 14 122 153 54 83
P. Fold of the peritoneum	213 84 62 12 80 38 179
Q. Harmless: causing ____ (3 wds.)	18 85 146 100 218 29 45 75 53 198 13 127
R. Anything going on? (slang; contraction and word)	123 50 30 39 190 224 15 81 183 76 63 89
S. Beloved clown and pantomimist	64 40 212 138 19 51 77 206 95 223 195
T. "He thinks like a philosopher and acts ____" (Rousseau; 3 wds.)	194 196 86 16 46 214 161 82 152
U. Defend (2 wds.)	101 163 226 31 154 176 182 20
V. Gain	222 126 162 199 165 88
W. Branchlike	47 168 205 215 164 32 65 210
X. Victorian phrase used at the end of a letter (2 wds.)	78 133 21 177 128 52 225 121 48

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

							1 A	2 C	3 E		4 G	5 H	6 L	7 B	8 D	9 F	10 J	11 N
12 P	13 Q		14 O	15 R	16 T	17 N	18 Q	19 S		20 U	21 X	22 B	23 C	24 H	25 L		26 G	27 F
28 O	29 Q		30 R		31 U	32 W	33 B	34 C		35 E	36 K	37 N	38 P	39 R		40 S	41 B	
42 I	43 J	44 N	45 Q	46 T	47 W	48 X		49 O	50 R		51 S	52 X	53 Q		54 O	55 D	56 B	57 G
58 H	59 I	60 J		61 O	62 P	63 R	64 S	65 W	66 C	67 I		68 H	69 M	70 J	71 B		72 D	73 F
	74 G	75 Q		76 R		77 S	78 X	79 N	80 P		81 R	82 T		83 O	84 P	85 Q	86 T	87 N
88 V	89 R		90 G	91 D		92 C	93 K	94 O	95 S		96 E	97 B	98 F	99 G	100 Q	101 U		102 K
103 F	104 C		105 A	106 E	107 I	108 J		109 B	110 J	111 C		112 L	113 C	114 A	115 J	116 H		117 K
118 I	119 C		120 N	121 X	122 O		123 R	124 F	125 N	126 V	127 Q		128 X	129 J	130 F		131 I	132 F
133 X	134 C	135 N	136 G	137 D	138 S	139 E	140 A		141 N	142 E	143 C	144 J		145 C	146 Q	147 K	148 N	149 O
	150 F	151 G		152 T	153 O	154 U		155 N	156 C		157 K	158 F		159 F	160 D	161 T	162 V	
163 U	164 W		165 V	166 B		167 E	168 W	169 H		170 I	171 L	172 C	173 F		174 M	175 L		176 U
177 X	178 E	179 P		180 A	181 J	182 U	183 R	184 N	185 E	186 H		187 F	188 C	189 G		190 R	191 K	192 L
193 H	194 T	195 S		196 T	197 G		198 Q	199 V	200 I		201 N	202 L	203 I	204 G		205 W	206 S	
207 G	208 K	209 O	210 W		211 B	212 S	213 P	214 T	215 W	216 N	217 H		218 Q	219 A	220 M	221 D	222 V	223 S
	224 R	225 X	226 U	227 M	228 K	229 J	230 E	231 F	232 L	233 I								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 61 of this issue.

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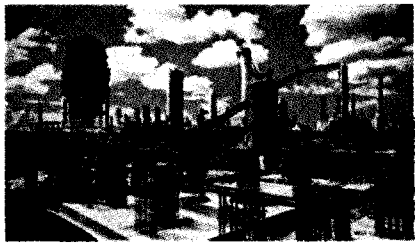
We're not here for a vacation. We're here to help clean up America's air.

The island of Trinidad is a Caribbean paradise to many. But to Texaco it's the place to do an important job.



There, as part of our huge refinery, we're building a new plant of advanced design.

Its purpose—to remove even more sulphur from fuel oil before it's delivered to American industry.

When this plant is completed, Texaco can provide increased quantities of the cleaner-burning fuel required to protect our urban environment.

And the people who live in it.

We're working to keep your trust. TEXACO

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Marlboro Lights: 13 mg. "tar,"
1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC report Apr. '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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